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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Knight; containing his Speeches and Poems. To which are added the Letters of his great-grandfather, Benjamin Rudyerd, Esq., Captain in the Coldstream Guards at the Battle of Fontenoy. Edited by J. Alexander Manning, of the Inner Temple. 8vo, pp. 396. T. and W. Boone.

The period of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd has been so sedulously ransacked and sifted as any era belonging to English history; and, if truth is to be struck out of collisions of opinion, it ought to be the most clearly understood. But, unfortunately, the reverse is the case. Two bitterly hostile and ambitious parties contended for the mastery—the struggle was fierce and long—victory and defeat alternated—and there was not an evil passion belonging to the nature of man which was not developed to the full of its villany, malignity, and cruelty. The partisanship of either did not merely attach to the times, but has reached to our day; and the authors of the last hundred and fifty years are as deeply dyed Carlists and Cromwellians, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Royalists and Revolutionists, as were the pamphleteers and writers of that miserable age. Nor are the religious combatants less opposed or less furious; and it is on masses of contemporary lies and calumnies that to the present hour we have the advocates on both sides founding their views according to their opinions, and merely fighting the battle of principles by transferring the events of the last century to be applied to the same antagonism which rages now, and disputes the question between kingly government and democracy. Look, as Hamlet says, on this picture, and on this, and you see the same individuals painted as heroes or scoundrels, saints or hypocrites, patriots or regicides, models or murderers; and the same facts distorted into glories or disgraces, honours or infamies, imperishable renown or imperishable ignominy. Such are the fruits of faction and of factious representations; and if poor simple Truth tries to raise her head above the tempestuous whirlpool, she is almost equally exposed to be knocked down by the favour of friend or the falsehood of foe.

Under these circumstances, we have looked with more than ordinary interest to the volume before us. Sir B. Rudyerd was a moderate and a middle man, alike removed from both violent extremes; and it is in the biography of such a person that we are most likely to discover that approach to realities which the distorted vision of partisanship is so sure to mystify and pervert. He set out with earnest desires to correct abuses, and he condemned many acts in the king's policy with honest sincerity. The only exception to this calm course seems to have been his rancorous hatred of Strafford, whom he hunted like a bloodhound to the death. On the second reading of his bill of attainder he spoke thus:—

"Justice must be done justly: it is an outward public act, and therefore ought to give a fair satisfaction to the world. But prin-

pally it is an inward private conclusion of the conscience to every man that hath a hand in it. A sentence of death rightly given is justice; if otherwise, it is murder; and to a doubting conscience it is the same, which unrepented is no less than damnation—for blood is a crying sin. I do believe that the Earl of Strafford is as wicked a flagitious, facinorous malefactor as was ever brought before a parliament; but we find withal that he is *ingeniosissimi nequam, et malo publico facundus*—full of artificial delusions. Therefore it behoves us to be the more exact in wiping off his deceitful paintings, that he may appear to the world in his own foulness beyond all contradiction, which we cannot so well do unless we return to the way we were in, notwithstanding the great disadvantages of time and money. Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, my humble motion is, 'that we may desire a present conference with the lords for an agreement and settlement in that course.' I pray God direct us in the best way; for this kingdom had never more need of his help than at this instant."

In most other respects he went the whole lengths of the long parliament; and only fell off from the revolutionists when he found, too late to impede them, that they had resolved upon destroying the king, and establishing another form of government. And in this his example is not without its practical applicability and usefulness in all times of public contention. He represents a great class, perhaps the strength of the country, which embark in the cause of remedial change, vainly fancying that they can stop when they have gone so far—good easy souls!—and not foreseeing that others will then take the lead, and that they must either follow to the end, be dragged onward, or halt and perish in the wreck their well-meaning has helped to make. When the steam is on, it is not such engineers as they that can stop the train: it must rush downward with fatal force, and overturn and scatter into fragments all that stands in its way or opposes its progress.

"In p. 36 of Heath's *Chronicles*, anno 1642, 2d edition, published 1676, the following anecdote is related of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd:—'Though the parliament was intent on the business of levying arms, yet several patriots of both houses did what they could to persuade to an accommodation, amongst whom Sir Benjamin Rudyerd was one of the chief, who all along warned them of the miseries of a civil war, and what a shame it would be to them in after-times, and consequently to all parliaments, if, when the king had condescended so far, they should proceed to the effusion of blood upon so unnecessary a quarrel. He died soon after the first blood was drawn; and that speech of his on his death-bed is very remarkable. 'Mr. Pym and Mr. Hampden (the grandees of the then faction) told me,' saith Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, 'that they thought the king so ill beloved by his subjects that he would never be able to raise an army to oppose them; which mistake of theirs cost many thousand lives.' And in Echard's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 326, Car. 18, in allusion to the foregoing speech, the same anecdote is repeated in nearly

similar terms. Echard says, 'This is the last speech we find made by this great man, who died soon after the first blood was drawn; and his words upon his death-bed are remarkable: that Mr. Pym and Mr. Hampden both told him that they thought the king so ill beloved by his subjects that he could never be able to raise an army to oppose them. A fatal mistake of theirs and others of their party, which cost the lives of many thousands in the kingdom.' Both these statements are (says the biographer), however, incorrect; for Sir Benjamin Rudyerd lived many years after the period in question, though no doubt his advocacy of conciliatory measures with the king in the speech here alluded to caused him to be regarded with suspicion by the grandees of the then faction, as Mr. Heath calls them; which induced him to absent himself, as much as possible, from the duties of the house; for shortly after this period there appears in the Journals of the House of Commons the following order:—'*Die Veneris, 13th Januarii, 1642.*—Resolved, that Sir Benjamin Rudyerd be required and enjoined to attend upon the service of the house, and not to depart it without the leave of the house.' This order was probably occasioned by an apprehension, on the part of the commons, that his known attachment to the royal family might induce him, if not to join the parliament of the king, at least to desert them, at a period, too, when it was essentially necessary they should secure as great a show of members as possible, particularly of those whose talents and judgment were appreciated by the people, in order that they might convince the public mind of the apparent justice of their proceedings, and weaken the efforts of that fragment of the parliament which had followed the king to Oxford. From this period little can be traced relative to the proceedings of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd. We have seen that his attendance in parliament was forced, though occasionally he is named upon the committee; but his disinclination to take part in the violent proceedings of the commons may be imagined from the fact of their again ordering his attendance, which appears by reference to the Journals of the house, in the proceedings of the month of April 1643, where is the following entry:—'*Die Lunæ, 17th Aprilis, 1643, post meridiem.*—Ordered, that Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Ashton, and Sir Robert Pye, be enjoined to give their attendance on this house, and not to depart without leave.' But upon the discovery of the 'treacherous and horrid designs of divers persons to join themselves with the armies raised by the king, and to destroy the forces raised by the lords and commons in parliament, to surprise the cities of London and Westminster with the suburbs, by arms to force the parliament, to destroy the kingdom, and, what is dearest, the true Protestant religion,' Sir Robert Harley, Sir Neavill Pool, Sir R. Pye, Sir Oliver Luke, Sir Beauchamp St. John, Sir T. Cheek, Sir William Armysn, Sir Henry Vane, jun., Lord Ruthen, Sir Harbottle Grimston, Mr. Pym, and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, were the first to come forward and take the oath and covenant, 'never to consent to the laying down of arms, so long as the papists, now in open

war against the parliament, shall by force of arms be protected from the justice thereof,' &c."

Sir Benjamin was an able and straightforward parliamentary speaker; and one of the most curious portions of this volume consists in his explanation of the scandalous abuses in the Court of Wards and Liveries, in which he held a high office. When it was abolished by the parliament, it is stated, "they appointed a committee on the 16th of April in the same year [1646], 'to consider of those well-affected persons who had offices in the Court of Wards, which would be lost by taking away of that court, and how they might be recompensed, particularly the Lord Say and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd.' And on the 9th of January, 1647, it was ordered that 10,000*l.* be granted to the former, 6000*l.* to Rudyerd, and 5000*l.* for Sir Rowland Wandesford, the attorney or third judge of the court; and so great was the esteem of the house towards these judges, that they further voted them parts of the forfeited estates of Lord Worcester as a reparation for the loss of their offices. Notwithstanding these marks of favour, Sir Benjamin was heartily disgusted with the disloyal attempts of the Independents. In the *Annals of King Charles the First*, speaking of Lord George Digby, who seconded Mr. Pym in his complaint against the burden of ship-money, the collector says:—"Betimes he deserted the parliament, seeing the drift of his fellow-members to tend to the ruin of the state and the destruction of the kingdom. And several others followed his example, as Lord Faulkland, Sir John Culpeper, Mr. Hide, afterwards Lord Clarendon, Mr. Bagshaw, and Mr. Waller, who were adjudged to death for adhering to King Charles, and illegally declared traitors. And other eminent speakers, in that parliament for the pretended Reformation, were by them illegally sentenced, censured, and imprisoned; such were Sir Edward Deering and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, spoke against grievances of these times, yet perceiving the intentions of their fellow-members to throw down all before them, openly deserted them." This, however, is not correct as regards Rudyerd; for he stood to his post to the last moment, advocating moderation and deprecating destruction. He was now an old man, in his seventy-sixth year, yet he continued firm to his principles; and though, owing to the stirring events of the civil war, little time was given for any thing beyond active exertions, still it appears that he was far from favouring the views of the successful soldiery; for on the debate upon the petition from the city of London, 5th August, 1648, he spoke as follows:—"Mr. Speaker,—We have sat thus long, and are come to a fine pass; for the whole kingdom is now become parliament all over. The army hath taught us a good while what to do; the city, country, and reformados, teach us what we should do; and all is because we ourselves know not what to do. Some men are so violent and strong in their own conceits, that they think all others dishonest who are not of their opinion; but he that calls me knave because I differ from him in opinion is the verrier knave of the two." The scene was now soon to close upon his long political career; for, in the December following, Sir Benjamin Rudyerd and other well-affected members of the parliament having been beaten, on the 4th instant, upon the question as to 'whether the king's answers to the propositions of both houses were satisfactory,'—on the 6th, the question was varied by the king's

friends, among whom Rudyerd stood prominently forward, in the hopes of arresting the further progress of rebellion, and making a happy peace with the sovereign, then a prisoner, and therefore doubly entitled to the sympathies of his subjects. It was now put in these terms, 'that the answers of the king to the propositions of both houses are a ground for the house to proceed upon for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom;' which was carried by a majority of 129 to 83. Such an unexpected occurrence threw the parliamentary generals, now flushed with their success over their captive monarch, and the chivalrous aristocracy of the empire, into the greatest consternation; and one amongst them, whose ideas had been enlarged by success—the little Napoleon of that day—was determined to thwart even the counsels of the state, the collective wisdom of the kingdom. Oh, what a lesson to uncompromising patriots—to the lovers of political agitation! All that this noted parliament, composed of the wisest men that England had ever assembled together, had effected—the thousands and tens of thousands of lives lost in the bloody contests of the civil wars, brothers in arms against brothers, fathers arrayed in deadly strife against their sons in the causes of liberty or loyalty,—all rendered fruitless, all annihilated, by one fell swoop of the instrument of their own creating! The servant of the parliament became their master, and dismissed them for disobedience. Thus had these proud patriots worked laboriously for a long series of years to no other purpose than to raise a plebeian, canting hypocrite to despotic power, which he wielded with foul, offensive tyranny. Yet though these same men could bear their sovereign, if he asked but time to read a bill ere he gave the royal assent—in fact, the liberty to read the deed before he signed it—what must have been their sense of humiliation when groaning under the vulgar despotism of a grovelling tyrant? Cromwell has his friends at this day; with equal truth it may be affirmed that Charles hath even now his enemies: but, whatever were the faults of the latter, it cannot be said that he ever attempted to mask his actions under the specious guise of religion, and thus to outrage the Almighty by the profanation of his name as an authority for every atrocity. Such was Cromwell's usual spring of action; and, whatever qualities of intrepidity and military genius he possessed in the field (and these cannot be denied to him), the death of the unfortunate monarch on the scaffold was infinitely preferable to the wretched existence in usurped splendour of the care-worn protector."

We need not remark, that Mr. Manning's opinions come under the category with which our notice of his work commences,—he too is all o' one side. It is to his facts, therefore, and not to his reasoning, that we must look for the just conclusions of truth. But we return to personals:—

"At last, having lived to a great age, during the whole of which period he had maintained a spotless and unblemished reputation for honour and integrity, Sir Benjamin Rudyerd died at his seat of Westwoodhay in Berkshire, on the 31st of May, A.D. 1658, aged eighty-six years, a few months only before the annihilation, by the hand of God, of the usurper's power, having devoted the last remaining years of his life exclusively to acts of kindness and charity, and in the practice of that piety and virtue which had formed the consolation of his life. No stronger example of the sincerity of his religious sentiments can be adduced than

the following beautiful hymn which he composed in his declining years:—

'O God! my God! what shall I give
To thee in thanks? I am and live
In thee; and thou dost safe preserve
My health, my fame, my goods, my rent—
Thou mak'st me eat whilst others starve,
And sing whilst others do lament.
Such unto me thy blessings are
As though I were thine only care.
But, oh! my God, thou art more kind,
When I look inward on my mind:
Thou fill'st my heart with humble joy,
With patience meek, and fervent love
(Which doth all other loves destroy),
With faith which nothing can remove,
And hope assur'd of heaven's bliss:
This is my state, my grace is this.'

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd was buried in the church of Westwoodhay."

Notwithstanding the eulogy bestowed upon the foregoing hymn, we must say the first stanza strikes us as being about the most selfish thanksgiving that was ever offered to the Father of all mercies.

We have left ourselves but little space to say aught of Sir Benjamin's poetry, which the editor has emasculated; or of his descendant Captain Benjamin, who seems to have been as finished a coxcomb and exquisite as the Guards of a hundred years ago could furnish. His portrait is quite a study; but we must reserve this portion of our notice till Saturday next.

The Old English Gentleman; or, the Fields and the Woods. By John Mills, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

"If the reader be but satisfied with his scenes of the *Fields and the Woods*, and his portrait—drawn from the life and *con amore*—of the *Old English Gentleman*, with whose *habitat* they so essentially connect themselves, he cares but little what may be thought or said of his skill as a writer; if it be but admitted that he has some claim to the character of a sportsman, let who will dispute his pretensions as a novelist."

And being so, we really can hardly tell what business we have to review this publication. Addressed so distinctly to Sportsmen, and more intelligible to Sportsmen than to any other division of the community, it would seem to demand a Sportsman to criticise it, and a Sportsman Magazine to promulgate his remarks. Yet, though dwelling in town, and with only faint recollections of the delights of the fields and woods, we fancy we can appreciate the talent with which the *Old English Gentleman* is written; the spirit with which some of the characters and covers are drawn; and generally the heartiness with which every circumstance connected with the chase *fera natura* is detailed so as to kindle a similar feeling in the reader to that shewn by old and young, hinds, cottagers, and occupants of the earth near which any jovial hunt happens to sweep.

It is true that the merit of the performance consists almost entirely in the sketches of various pursuits of game, deer and fox-hunting, partridge and pheasant-shooting, otter-dragging, fishing, &c., &c.; and that the novel-thread of love-making, marrying, and repatching, is but a slender twist. But, as we have hinted, several of the *dramatis persone* are cleverly portrayed; among whom we may designate Mr. Powis Titley, an affected fop, and yet (as we have seen in actual life) an acute and gallant fellow; Fiddledee, a country attorney, preternaturally prone to actions for trespass and battery; and most of the servants of the squire, viz., old Tom Bolton, the whipper-in; young Will, his son, the huntsman; Striver,

his superannuated predecessor; Peter Bumstead, an upper keeper; and Jack Tiggie, an imp of a lad, who is invented, agreeably to a practice omitted in few modern fictions, for the purpose of keeping up a sort of fun and diablerie which would scarcely be tolerated even among the practical jokes of field and woodmen: and the gentlemen are not free from this caricaturing; for example, Titley shooting orange-pips at the nose of a stranger whom he had never seen, and who fell into a drunken sleep after dinner. We have only to add, that some of the incidents are extravagant; and that there is an admired confusion of dates,—so that we are never sure whether it be spring, autumn, or winter—when hare-hunting begins or ends, or when pheasants, woodcocks, or partridges, may be killed without a breach of the game-laws.*

As sportsmen's yarns are very like those of sailors—apt to be rather long-winded, we experience a difficulty in selecting an extract, suitable to our page, which will do justice to Mr. Mills; but, as possessing features most likely to be new to the mass of readers, and to many a votary of the dog and gun, we will copy as much as we can of his account of an otter-chase.

"A few minutes before the appointed hour, were gathered before the porch the exact number of dogs mentioned by the trapper. Tom Bolton, William, Striver, Peter Bumstead, and Jack Tiggie, were sitting on the stone seat inside, waiting for the order to march to the scene of action. 'You'll hunt the pack to-day, Striver,' said Tom; 'it'll raise your spirits.' 'I was thinking, if there's no objection—' 'Objection—bah!' interrupted Tom; 'who is to object?' 'I'll try to put 'em right, then,' said Striver, pleased at the idea of again controlling the harmonious pack, even for a day. * * * All being ready, the party proceeded towards the river. Striver led the way, with a loftier gait than had been assumed by him for some time. In his hand he carried an old whip, which had been used when a full, loud tally-ho could burst from his lips, and make hill and valley ring again. Instead of the catskin cap, an antiquated velvet one was donned for the occasion. A faded and purple-stained scarlet coat was mounted in the place of the smock-frock, and a pair of mahogany-coloured top-boots were pulled up, and strapped to his buckskin breeches; but his legs had so shrunk since the boots were made for them, that they shook and rattled in their cases like a couple of flutes. The hounds and terriers followed Striver, Bolton acting as leader, with his stump of a tail erect, and perfectly stiff with conceit. Mr. Bolton, who did not condescend to make any alteration in his attire for the undignified sport, as he thought it, of killing an otter, followed with his stick, and, by force of habit, acted as whipper-in. Occasionally, a thwack from the stick on the back of a rebellious terrier caused a howl, at which Mr. Bolton would turn round, and winking his eye at his son, say—'There's music for a fox.' * * * The pack began to discover traces of the poaching stream-attorney, and were shaking their tails with delight, as their sensitive nostrils inhaled the first slight evi-

dence of his neighbourhood, when a plunge from under an old tree, floating partly in the water, and moored to the bank by its thick roots, caused a full note from Capable. In a moment he was answered by Button, who squeaked a joyful response, and leaped into the river with the hound. 'Hark to Capable!' screamed Striver. 'Hark to Button!' shouted Tom, roaring with laughter, as he saw the trapper trying to lay on the pack in fox-hunting style. Within a few yards of Capable's jaws, an otter of the largest size shewed himself for an instant, and then darted under water. Now all was noise and excitement. The hounds and terriers gave tongue, and jumped simultaneously into the stream, swimming, dashing through the sedges, and sending the water into a white foam far and wide. The squire ran forwards with the nimbleness of a boy, to watch for the rising of the spirited otter, which required no terrier to draw him for the run. At the first summons he burst from his tenement, under the roots of the tree, seeming to scorn the game of hide and seek. In a few moments his long whiskers were visible from among some duck-weed, and his head turned watchfully towards his pursuers. Wilmott saw him first, and dashed into the water, up to his chin, after the vermin, to prevent his getting breath. 'That's right, my boy,' said the squire, admiring the spirit of Wilmott; 'keep him short of wind, and he must run.' Here and there the dogs went, full of ardour, puffing, sneezing, and crying with pleasure. The stream, that was as clear as crystal, became clouded with the stirring-up struggles of the quadrupeds and bipeds, who invaded the domains of its natural inhabitants. Striver appeared to lose the stiffness of his joints; and, careless of the chances of rheumatism, and the damage to his boots, waded in the water, to cheer on the hounds. [A trick is played by Tiggie, as usual, on Bumstead.] 'There he goes!' cried Jack, as the otter climbed up the bank, fifty yards distant. 'Come away! come away!' shouted Striver, emerging from the river. Every dog obeyed the order; and off they started, running the otter in view along the edge of the stream. With his taper tail slightly turned upwards, and his long body almost touching the ground, the otter rattled away at an astonishing rate. The hounds, followed by the yelping terriers, pressed him along in full cry for little more than a mile, when he again darted into the water. Notwithstanding the pace, Wilmott, William, and Jack, were well up. Tom came next; Peter, puffing, followed him; and the squire ran a good sixth. Striver was distanced; and some minutes elapsed ere he came up, to resume the duties of huntsman. 'Now, then,' said the squire, 'press him—press him!' Some jumped in above where the otter did, others below; and all watched for his reappearance. Up he came between his enemies, and was nearly seized by the indefatigable Button. Down he darted again; and the undaunted Button followed him in the dive. 'There's an out-an-outer!' exclaimed his master, proud beyond description at the bold deed of his favourite. In an instant the otter rose again, and, mounting the bank, took the land once more. Button was close to his quarters as the otter emerged from the river, and led the pack by many yards before all had made good their exit. Straight away from the stream, across a long grass field, the otter went at a merry pace, followed close by all the dogs, while the sportsmen put their best legs foremost, to render the rear as short as possible between them and the hounds. 'He's making

for the mill-pond,' said Tom to the squire, running about neck and neck. 'If he gets there, we shall lose him among the strong holes,' replied the squire, in want of breath, and holding his hat in his hand, while his white hair streamed backwards in the wind. In full chorus the hounds swept on; and, as they dipped over the brow of a hill, Tom exclaimed, 'He'll never reach the mill.' The otter was now within a hundred yards of a wide, deep pond, on the side of which stood the ruins of an old watermill. The click-clack of the wheel had been stilled for half a century, and scarcely a board of the building but was cracked, blistered, and covered with grey moss. It had been in the fostering care of the Court of Chancery so long that all claimants to the property were dead, and even their names were forgotten. The fugitive was almost preparing for his dip, when Button's sharp teeth snapped at his quarters, but missed them. Another spring, and he seized the otter across his loins, as he was on the extreme edge of the bank, and both tumbled over into the water. In an instant the otter's teeth were fixed in his enemy's cheek, and thus both remained for nearly a minute under water. Button's gripe, however, was the severest, and proved the death-one to the otter. When Wilmott, who was first, arrived, the gallant little dog had just risen with his victim; and the hounds immediately assisted him by adding their teeth to the grasp. After all had come up, except Striver, a considerable time elapsed before the huntsman *pro tem.* made his appearance. When he did so, he saw a fine dog-otter dead upon the bank, and Button, much exhausted, stretched out by his side. 'Who notched him first, do ye know?' inquired he, with the perspiration running down his face. 'Your dog Button,' replied Wilmott. Striver looked at Button; his eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure; his lips wore a sunny smile; and, as his tongue could not express his inward satisfaction, he silently took Button in his arms, dripping as he was, and pressed him rapturously to his bosom."

And herewith we take our leave of the *Old English Gentleman*; though, we confess, something after the condition of the otter with a Button at his tail; for he could not reach the *Mills*,—and we have been unable to do much more than just reach the *Mills*.

Eleven Years' Residence in the Family of Murat, King of Naples. By Catherine Davies. Pp. 92. How and Parsons.

CATHERINE DAVIES, now an elderly lady, having been born in 1773, was one of a rather numerous Welsh family of thirty-three children, by two 'mas; and at the peace or truce of Amiens, circumstances led her to accompany a party to France in charge of a little girl. Being among the *détenus* on the renewal of the war, she and a Mrs. Pulsford were recommended to Madame Murat, who was desirous of having two English attendants upon her children, viz. Prince Achille about four years of age, Princess Letitia two, Lucien a baby of nine months, and thereafter another named Louisa.

Kindly and respectfully treated, she enjoyed certain opportunities for remark, such as the Nursery will afford in all households; and her simple narrative respecting matters within that compass affords really an interesting picture of the romantic fortunes of Buonaparte's clever and beautiful sister, and her strangely elevated husband, the innkeeper's son and postilion of Cahors,—made a king in one of those batches

* Some of these puzzles may, perhaps, be traced to the author's inexperience with printing composition (having only, we believe, tried his pen on a few essays in *Bentley's Miscellany*), or to overlooked errors of the press: *cz. gr.* p. 43-4, vol. i. where Agnes is said to have grown up the image of herself—and Kate, aged seventeen, being ordered to wait a year for her marriage, because her father did not wish that event to "come off" before she was twenty!

wherewith it pleased the imperial and revolutionary ruler of France to astonish the gaping world. Upon higher ground, we are not so sure that we can depend upon Mrs. Davies' information; at any rate, she tells remarkable stories of state-affairs, of which we never heard the particulars before. We have, for instance, the following account of an awful conspiracy soon after King Joachim (King Jule-em) sat down upon the throne of Naples.

"Whilst all was thus tranquil, the court engrossed in the pleasures or business attached to it, and the people delighted with their new sovereign, and the splendour and gaiety which surrounded him, a conspiracy was formed to murder the whole of the royal family. The plot was discovered to the king by a French spy, who was employed by him to sound the sentiments of the people in regard to the present government. This person, whose manners and appearance were those of a gentleman, being amply supplied with money, consequently mixed freely and unsuspectingly in all societies; and thus at a meeting of some persons who were disaffected to the present state of affairs, he became acquainted with the horrid plot. A female servant of one of the governesses had been suborned by the conspirators. This woman, with her cousin, who was a man-servant likewise in the palace, were taken up and cast into dungeons, from which the former was released, upon condition only of disclosing the whole of the diabolical scheme. It appeared, from the confession of this woman, that the conspirators were about sixty in number. On the day preceding the intended murder, she was to admit and secrete two of them in a dark closet contiguous to the apartments of the princesses. A private staircase led from their apartment to those of the king, which could thus be entered without going through the anteroom where the sentinels were placed. Our apartments were close to those of the princesses. The assassins were to remain concealed till night, when stealing out, *we were to be the first sufferers*; then the princesses, from whose apartments they would have a ready entrance into those of the king and queen. We had been friendly with this woman; and our dear princesses were very kind and generous towards her. We deeply felt her treachery and ingratitude, as well as her wickedness, in devoting us to a death so horrible; and very fervently did we acknowledge the mercy which had been vouchsafed to us in our escape. The principal conspirators were executed; the others were placed in confinement, in which they still remained when we left Naples."

Throughout the domestic as well as political revelations of Mrs. Davies, it is very perceptible that the grey mare of the Murats was the better horse. As a woman she is thus described:—

"The queen was in height about the middle size; her complexion very fair, fine expressive eyes, a very handsome nose; her cheek-bones might be deemed too high, but her mouth and teeth were very beautiful, her arms round and well-formed, her hands delicately white, and so small that those of the Princess Letitia, at seven years of age, were said to be equal to her mother's in size. She was universally considered a lovely woman. In character she resembled her brother Napoleon. She possessed a strong mind, had great penetration, and was somewhat fond of manoeuvring. When Murat accompanied the emperor on his Russian expedition, she transacted with the ministers the business of the state with great facility. Inde-

fatigable in her attention to the affairs of the kingdom, she was so entirely engrossed by them, that often, for a fortnight together, she neither saw nor inquired for her children."

Murat, on the contrary, was more than paternally fond of the nursery;* but both were prodigiously given to show and splendid stage-effects.

"At seven in the morning her attendants were obliged to be in her room, as at eight she took her first breakfast, before she arose. She then went to the bath; on her return a fresh bed was ready for her. In that she remained until twelve or one o'clock, during which time a lady, whose office it was, read to her. She then arose, dressed, and went to her second breakfast, which was a most sumptuous repast, almost resembling a dinner, with tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa. The queen, unlike every other member of her family, was very fond of tea, and liked to have it in the true English style, with toast, muffins, and crumpets. This late breakfast was sometimes prepared in a spacious and magnificent dairy belonging to the palace. Every thing in it was beautifully arranged, and kept in the nicest manner: water was conveyed by pipes around it, which, upon touching a spring, descended in a gentle shower, freshening the air, and keeping the milk and cream deliciously cool. Thither the king and queen, with some of their most intimate friends, would often repair; and the king not unfrequently ended the repast by secretly touching the spring, treating the guests with an artificial shower, and sending them, himself delighted with the frolic, to change their wetted, and even drenched garments, in the palace. Portici is a town about four miles from Naples, in which stands a royal palace most beautifully situated. This place became a favourite residence of the queen, who, discarding the ancient and tawdry furniture, replaced it with all the elegant improvements of the present time: her own apartments exhibited a perfect model of feminine taste. In the park was a pavilion which Joseph Buonaparte had built during his short reign, to which he retired when he had any private business to transact: it consisted of two rooms only, one above and the other below. In the upper room was a large round table, capable of dining twelve persons; so contrived, through a curious piece of mechanism, that on touching a spring, each dish or plate descended through an opening in the table, and in their place a fresh supply was returned; and thus the attendance of servants was rendered unnecessary. The queen spent some time every year at Portici, and many magnificent entertainments were given there. The king, who dearly loved a joke, one morning, at a breakfast in the pavilion, surprised and amused his guests, among whom were some of the English nobility, by having a pair of dwarfs served up as the middle dish at the dessert. They came through the aperture in the table, resting quietly in their china car; and when safely landed, they rose up, and lightly tripping along the table, presented an offering of flowers to the royal pair. Their unexpected and ludicrous appearance drew peals of laughter from the light-hearted guests. In his latter campaigns, the king was attended by a black man, gorgeously attired in crimson and gold. This man had been brought home, when a boy, by

* "His greatest delight was in the company of his children, spending many hours playing with and amusing them. During the nine months' absence of the queen he paid them the greatest attention, nor could he scarcely bear them out of his sight."

Murat, upon his return from one of his earlier campaigns. As the black grew up, he became deeply in love with a beautiful Neapolitan girl, and begged the king to permit him to marry her. This request amused his master, who desired him to place himself, with the girl, before the queen and the ladies of her suite, as they were going an airing, to have her majesty's opinion. The man, secure of the affection of the girl he had chosen, undauntedly did so. The contrast was so great, that the queen at first refused to consent to the marriage, saying the girl was far too handsome for him. The king, however, soon overruled this objection; and on the morning of their wedding, the black was first baptized, and then received the sacrament. The king and queen were his sponsors, naming him Othello. During the Russian campaign, whilst Murat was in Poland, he one morning rode out attended by Othello, and his coachman,—another faithful attendant, who had lived with the king from the period of his marriage. Two Poles, likewise on horseback, passed them: seeing it was Murat, they turned hastily round, and made an attack so unexpected, that he would have fallen a victim to their fury, had not Othello and the coachman, suspecting their intention, called out to the king to fly. The coachman at the same instant struck one of the Poles with a blow so severe, that he divided his arm from his body, whilst he was in the act of raising it to pierce Murat through the back with a lance. This fortunate act the king generously rewarded on his return to Naples. He first suspended the cross of honour around the neck of his coachman; then dismissing him from his servile office, he gave him a house to live in, and a carriage for his daily use. Having received these honours, he was noticed by the first people in Naples, who, out of compliment to the king, even invited him to their tables,—an honour the brave man would gladly have declined, fearful of not acquitting himself with propriety amongst persons so much his superior. His faithfulness, however, deserved a rich reward."

The downfall of this dynasty offers a melancholy contrast to these scenes of revelry and luxury. The sufferings of the children and their attendants when shut up in Gaeta, during its siege and terrible bombardment, were extremely severe; and Mrs. Davies, by sleeping, or rather watching, in the damp cave, where they sought temporary safety, caught a disease in her neck, which has painfully stuck to her for life. Her version of the *finale* of Murat's gallant, headless, marvellous, and tragical career is as follows:—

In Corsica "he received from the Austrian government the offer of an honourable retreat, either in Austria or Bohemia. His acceptance of this proposal was to entitle him to the necessary passports to rejoin his wife and family. He was induced to refuse this offer, from the vain hopes he indulged of making a successful effort to regain his kingdom. Having collected a few desperate followers, and a small fleet, he wrote to his late chamberlain, the Duke St. Theodore, at Naples, requesting him to meet him in Calabria. This letter fell into the hands of King Ferdinand, who sent for the duke, and ordered him to inform Murat he would meet him there. The poor duke, sensible that this would be the ruin of his former sovereign, yet unable to inform him of his danger, went home, and, almost frantic with grief, immediately took to his bed. Murat, upon receiving the duke's answer, sailed for Calabria, early in October 1815. A violent

storm dispersed his flotilla. The captain of Murat's vessel, bribed by Ferdinand, sailed immediately after landing him. Murat hastened to the village, expecting to meet the duke: but on the road he was attacked by the country-people, aided by an armed force; and his followers were quickly dispersed. He retreated towards the coast, when the treachery of the captain was apparent. Resistance was useless; he was soon overpowered, and taken prisoner. They conducted him to the castle of Pizzo, near the place where he landed. A court-martial was instantly summoned, and his fate decided. No mercy was shewn him; and after the lapse of a few hours, he was led out to be shot. His wonted courage supported him in this appalling hour. He met death undauntedly. Having fastened his wife's picture on his breast, and refusing to have his eyes bandaged, orders were given to the soldiers to fire. His death was instantaneous; six balls had pierced his heart. The treacherous captain, who thus left a most kind master to his fate, unwarned of his danger, had received from Murat many acts of generosity. He did not live to reap the reward of his base conduct, being murdered the first night he slept on shore, after his return to Corsica, by some persons who were attached to the prince he had betrayed. Madame Murat was at Vienna when this sad event took place. She received no intelligence of the death of him to whom she had brought the fatal gift of a crown. The melancholy history first appeared in the newspaper she generally read. For some time her attendants succeeded in keeping that paper from her, by substituting another. At last, as she insisted upon seeing the one to which she was always accustomed, they brought it to her at night, after she had retired to her chamber. Upon reading the account of her husband's melancholy death, she was attacked with violent fits, which lasted till morning. The dear children were asleep, and knew nothing of their mother's grief, nor of their own loss, till the following day, when seeing every one looking sad around them, Prince Lucien said to my late English companion, "Mimie, what is the matter, that you all wear such sorrowful faces: is papa dead?" She replied she feared he was. At this answer, they all wept bitterly; for they were tenderly attached to their father, and he equally so to them. Time brought resignation on its healing wings; and when Mrs. Pulsford left them for England, a year afterwards, they were still at Vienna in good health. Some more weary months were added to those I had already passed since my return to Naples. As soon as the season arrived for the baths at Ischia, I went there, and remained a month. I tried the bathing, and drank the waters; but, alas! for me the spring had no restoring power. I remained saddened and dispirited, scarcely, if at all, relieved. Upon my return to Naples I went to Portici, to see an old pensioner of my dear young princesses, who was a hundred and thirty-six years old. She was in good health, and able to walk out every day. She told me that King Ferdinand, since his return, had sent for her, and scolded her severely for having taken a pension from the family of Murat. He called her an old jacobin, and declared he would never give her any thing. She had been nurse to Charles the Fourth of Spain, an elder brother of King Ferdinand. Her hair was beautifully flaxen, like that of a child: she told me that it had come so after an illness."

The widow of Murat married General Mac-

donald (who escorted her when she abandoned Naples), and died in 1839 of the same malady as her mighty brother, a cancer in the stomach; and we shall only add, that herself and her family wrote very kindly to their old servant long after she had returned to her native Anagnina. Prince Achille became a planter in America, as plain Monsieur Murat; Lucien was converted to a lawyer in the same country; the Princess Letitia married the Marquis de Pepoli at Bologna; and the Princess Louisa was made the wife of Count Rosponi at Ravenna. A very pleasing letter in the appendix states these matters more distinctly, and is at once a royal and literary curiosity.

"London, March 12, 1831.

"My dear Davies,—I have this morning received, with a great deal of pleasure, your letter of March the 5th; and I am very happy to see that you are doing well, and have not forgotten me. I enjoy very good health, as well as my wife; for you must know that I am married since—more than four years. My mother is always in Trieste, doing very well. Letitia is married, in Bologna, to the Marquis Pepoli, and has three children. Louisa is likewise married, in Ravenna, to Count Rosponi, and has one son, after losing two. Lucien is in America, where I left him in very good health about two months ago. I have no children yet. I have been living these eight last years in the United States, where I have a sugar and cotton plantation, and where I have become a lawyer. I would be very glad to see you again before I leave England; but I am afraid that my short stay here will not permit it. Mrs. Murat, to whom I have shewn your letter and told who you are, sends you her compliments; and I make you warm wishes for your happiness. Be happy, and believe me always your well-wisher and friend,

ACHILLE MURAT."

We should, before concluding, say, that the proceeds of this volume are entirely devoted to the benefit of Mrs. Davies; and in the good hands of her intelligent and active publishers, Messrs. How and Parsons, we have little doubt but that the benevolent feelings of the public will be awakened to the merits of her case and claims for sympathy.

Knight's English Miscellanies. Brand's Popular Antiquities. By Sir Henry Ellis. Vol. I. sq. 8vo. Charles Knight and Co.

THE title of *Popular Antiquities* comprehends a wide field of interesting materials. The work, of which we give the title above, has been long known to writers on the subject, having been first published in 1813; but its form (2 vols. 4to) and price rendered it inaccessible to a very large portion of the class of readers for whose amusement and instruction it was calculated. We think, therefore, that an edition in a cheaper form was very much to be desired. It is scarcely necessary for us to say much of the general plan of a work which is so familiar to the public, although, for the new edition, it has been greatly enlarged by its learned editor; we will consequently be content with observing, that the present volume is the first of three, and that it contains a chronological account of the superstitions and customs of various kinds connected with different days and seasons. "The two volumes which follow," to quote the words of the advertisement, "contain, first, the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, with such usages and ceremonies as are not assignable to any particular period of the year. The customs

and ceremonies of common life are next introduced, followed by the numerous train of popular notions, sports, and errors."

Although we are glad to see a cheaper edition of this book, we must at the same time confess, that we could wish to see the subject treated in a very different manner. Brand's *Popular Antiquities* is a mere collection of scraps and cuttings from newspapers and books of all descriptions, without much discrimination, strung together with very little order, except that they are placed under different heads. In fact, it is a book which might have been made by any body who would keep by him a pair of scissors and a little paste, and continue the practice during some years of collecting all that fell in his way connected with the subject: and the compilers of the book before us have certainly not gone out of their way in their researches; for some of the richest stores of information have, as we could easily shew, been very partially used. We want a book much more systematical. It should be a treatise on *English popular antiquities* (which, we suppose, this purposes to be); and it must be the work of a person who is intimately acquainted with the antiquities of the great Teutonic race, and who will be thus conscious that there is only one source to which he can look for the origin of popular customs and superstitions. The English neither borrowed their customs from the Romans, nor formed them upon Celtic models, but preserved them as derived, like themselves, from their own parent-stock. The object of the present work is "chiefly to illustrate the origin" of these superstitions and customs; and yet, instead of any rational explanation of them, we have under each a lot of extracts from various books of no authority, setting forth a variety of opinions of persons who were entirely incapable of judging. To this we strongly object; because it occupies a great deal of room unnecessarily, and because, instead of illustrating the origin of things, it smothers the subject in confusion, and tends to deceive, instead of enlighten, the general reader. What can be the utility of filling such a book as this with the fantastic vagaries of General Vallancey? Besides, we think the authors or compilers of books of this kind ought to be sufficiently learned in their subject to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong.

We must therefore consider these *Miscellanies* as a collection of notes and scraps relating to the subject, and not as a treatise, or even as "Observations on Popular Antiquities." The whole is too incomplete to be called a treatise; and it can hardly be called observations, because it gives neither the systematical opinions nor the personal observations of the compiler. It is incomplete, not only because English sources have been very partially explored, but because the grand field in which we must dig for illustration of the subject, and the one which has been rendered so remarkably rich by the labours of scholars since the beginning of the present century,—the antiquities of Germany and the North,—has been entirely overlooked. In fact, the title of this book ought to be, "A Collection of Notices of old English popular Customs and Superstitions which have been preserved in more modern Times." As such, the compilers—that is, the original collector, John Brand, and the real compiler of the present book, Sir Henry Ellis—deserve our best thanks.

As the book in its present form is likely to have a large circulation, it is not necessary for us to give a regular review of its contents. We

will merely set down a few observations which occurred to us in running our eye very hastily through it, without at all entering into the more important points, which would require more space than we could afford to illustrate them. In the account of observances on new year's eve, the following curious passage is quoted from a book printed by Richard Pynson in 1493:—"Alle that take hede to dysmale dayes, or use nyce observaunces in the newe moone, or in the new yere, as setting of mete or drynke by nighte on the benche to fede Alholde, or Gobelyn." Alholde is the ancient Teutonic goddess Holda, whose name still exists in the legends of the German peasantry, particularly in the Thüringer-wald. We think, however, that the passage quoted is more probably a translation from some of the older ecclesiastical ordinances, than a picture of the superstitions in England at the end of the fifteenth century.

In the account of St. Paul's day (Jan. 25), we are surprised to find the editor professing ignorance of the meaning of a *dies Egyptiacus* :—

"In an ancient calendar of the Church of Rome, which will frequently be quoted in the course of this work, there is the following remark on the vigil of St. Paul :

'Dies Egyptiacus.'

Why it is called 'an Egyptian day' I confess myself to be entirely ignorant."

Nevertheless there are few expressions more common among the writers of the middle ages. The *dies Egyptiaci* (as well as the *horæ Egyptiacæ*) were days when it was considered unlucky to begin any undertaking, or to set out on a voyage, or to let blood, or to take medicine—*dies nefasti*. Lists of these *dies Egyptiaci* are frequent enough in old manuscripts. It appears that the vigil of St. Paul was one. An old traveller, who narrowly escaped shipwreck, attributed all his misfortunes to inattention to the character of the day on which he took to sea : "*Tertio vero milliari, hora Egyptiaca, nisi divina nos defenderet clementia, omnes summersi essemus. . . . Iterum, die Egyptiaca, eandem navim, sed utique refectam, ascendimus.*"

The men tion of St. Paul's day may serve as an occasion for speaking of popular prognostics of weather connected with days and seasons. A number of distichs on this subject are still in vogue among the peasantry, not only in England, but also in France and Germany, and deserve to be collected: many of them are found in early manuscripts in different languages. A few of them are given in the *Popular Antiquities*; but on this point the book is very deficient. The appearance of St. Paul's day was considered as prefigurative of the character of the whole year which followed. There was an old Latin epigram on the subject, which ran thus :—

"Clara dies Pauli, bona tempora denotat anni.
Si fuerint venti, designant prælia genti.
Si fuerint nebule, pereunt animalia queque.
Si nix vel pluvia, designant tempora cara."

The editor has inserted English and French versions of these lines, which were popular in the two countries in the seventeenth century; but he was not aware that the same prognostication, as far as concerns the weather, is current in Germany at the present day. There the peasantry say,—

"Sanct Paulus klar
Bringt gutes Jahr;
So er bringt Wind,
Regnet's geschwind."

A bright St. Paul
Brings a good year;

If it brings wind,
It is speedily followed by rain.

And again,—

"Sanct Paulus, schön mit Sonnenschein,
Bringt Fruchtbarkeit dem Korn und Wein."

St. Paul, fair with sunshine,
Brings fruitfulness to corn and wine.

There was also a popular Latin distich relating to Candlemas-day, or the purification of the Virgin Mary :

"Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante."

There was an English saying to this effect in the seventeenth century; and there are various German and French ones in vogue at the present day. The same may be said of several other days. In England the most terrible of all terrible days is St. Swithin's,—

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain."

The choice of St. Swithin's day appears to be peculiar to England; but various days about the same season of the year bear the same character in different countries. According to the old Latin distich it was the day of St. Vitus (June 15) :—

"Lux sacra Vito, si sit pluviosa, sequentes
Triginta facient omne madere solum."

In Germany it is the day of St. Medard (June 8) :—

"Sanct Medard kein'n Regen trag',
Es regnet sonst wol vierzehn Tag',
Und mehr, wer's glauben mag!"

There is a similar saying in French :—

"Quand il pleut le jour de Saint Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard."

The French also say the same of the day of St. Jervase (June 19) :—

"Quand il pleut le jour de Saint Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après."

The Germans also say, that if it rains on the 2d of July (the visitation of the Virgin Mary), it will likewise continue to rain for forty days.

One of the richest sources for information on the customs and observances of the common people is found in the margins of old almanacs, particularly during the latter half of the seventeenth century. These have been very little used in the book before us. In *Poor Robin*, 1696, the eating of pancakes and fritters, and the throwing at cocks, then customary at Shrovetide, are thus quaintly commemorated :—

"Pancakes and fritters
About do fly,
And many cocks
By cudgels die."

The compilers of the *Popular Antiquities* very erroneously derive the first of these customs from "the Romish carnival:" we would as readily receive the facetious derivation of pancake, *quasi rō rāu kacko*, i. e. all that is bad, because the said pancakes are hard to digest. There can be no doubt that in the eating of pancakes we have the remains of an old Sax on festival; for we learn from a passage in *Be de*, that our early forefathers, before their conversion, offered up cakes at this period to their gods, on which account February was named *sol-monath*, or the month of cakes. To the credit of our peasantry, the cruel custom of throwing at cocks has been long laid aside.

Few of our readers, probably, are aware, that the dancing of the sweeps on May-day is the only genuine remnant of the old morrice-dancers. The following observation occurs in *Gadbury's Almanac*, May 1696 :—

"On May-day, and at Whitsuntide, was wont to be moresco, or morrice-dancing; the name whereof is derived from the Moors. Before the late unnatural civil wars it was much

used in England; and though the custom be mostly laid aside, it is observed in some parts of the nation to this day. The practice was thus: young men were clad in white waistcoats, or shirts and caps, having their legs adorned with bells, which gingle merrily as they leap or dance."

As late as the beginning of the last century the Londoners went a-maying to Islington and Primrose Hill (the latter is fortunately not yet covered with streets, and is the only truly rural spot in the immediate reach of the metropolis). We find the following verses in *Poor Robin*, May 1696 :—

"At Islington and Primrose Hill
Your belly you with cakes may fill,
With nappy ale; but this I say,
When you have done, then you must pay:
Else hostess she will look askint
At pocket that have nothing in't;
For money that doth answer all things,
Both great things, middle things, and small things."

At Whitsuntide the citizens resorted to the same localities, as we learn from the following verses in *Poor Robin* for June 1696 :—

"Now citizens
In troops resort
To Islington
And Totnam Court,
Where as their coin
Away consumes
In cheescakes, custards,
And stewed prunes."

In an earlier year of the same Almanac (1676), the same custom, with additional localities, is described in the following lines, which are quoted in *Brand* :—

"At Islington
A fair they hold,
Where cakes and ale
Are to be sold.
At Highgate, and
At Holloway,
The like is kept
Here every day.
At Totnam Court
And Kentish Town,
And all those places
Up and down."

Another custom, which appears to be of Saxon origin, is the eating of a goose on Michaelmas-day. On the Continent, and particularly in Germany, the fattened goose was eaten at Martinmas (Nov. 11): in Scotland at Christmas. The German peasants judge of the temperature of the following winter by the colour of the breast-bone of the roasted Martinmas goose, accordingly as it is brown or white.

The passage, quoted under the head of All-hallow-even, from Aubrey's MS., is printed with some further particulars in *Gadbury's Almanac*, 1696, in the month of November, in the following words, and is a very curious notice of an old local custom :—

"Upon the second day of this month, on which is commemorated the feast of All Souls, it hath been a custom, time out of mind, for good people to set on a table-board a high heap of soul cakes, lying one upon another, like to the shew-bread in the Bible. They were in form about the bigness of a two-penny cake, and every visitant took one of them. And there is an old rhyme, or saying, which alludes to this, viz: :—

'A soul cake!
A soul cake!
Have mercy on all Christen souls for
A soul cake!'

This pious custom (for such it is) is still in use in some parts of Cheshire, Lancashire, &c. And were it, together with sundry other innocent ones, revived in all places, we should have more true religion, and less fraud and envy in the world.

God amend all."

In the same year of the same Almanac, month of September, we find an account of another very singular local custom:—

"It is an old custom at funerals in Herefordshire to hire poor people to take on them the sins of the deceased, whom they termed sin-eaters. The manner was thus:—When the corpse was laid on the bier, a loaf of bread was brought out and delivered to the sin-eater over the corpse, as also a mazer-bowl (or gossips' bowl) full of beer (which he was to drink up), and sixpence in money. In consideration whereof, he took upon him all the sins of the defunct, and (as it was believed) freed them from walking after death."

As we have before said, we give the foregoing as a few loose observations. We might multiply them easily from original sources; but we have, we think, said enough to shew how much remains to collect, and how much we stand in need of a more systematic work. As a collection of materials of a certain (and, indeed, considerable) degree of importance, Brand's *Popular Antiquities* is a valuable book; and the antiquary will feel obliged to Sir Henry Ellis for the labour he has bestowed upon it. The publication of the two remaining volumes will probably tempt us to return to the subject; in which case we may have to make some further observations on this interesting branch of research, and on the manner in which it is, as well as that in which it ought to be, treated.

First Principles of Medicine. By Archibald Billing, M.D., A.M., Member of the Senate of the University of London, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. Fourth edition. 8vo. London, 1841. Highley.

OUR readers may remember that we gave a favourable, though cursory, notice of a former edition of this volume; but from the important additions made to the work, and the opinions expressed by medical and scientific friends, we are inclined to give a somewhat more detailed review of this new edition—the fourth within as many years.

These *First Principles* may be considered a curiosity in many respects. The compression of so large a quantity of information into one small volume could be effected only by a person of great experience and extensive practical knowledge, possessing a mind capable of seizing and putting down the essential points of practice, rejecting the useless opinions which have been retained and detailed by all the compilers of books on the practice of medicine from the time of Hippocrates until the present; whose aim has been rather not to appear ignorant of received and promulgated doctrines, than to advance original views, and who when they have put forward aught approaching to new matter have seldom reached beyond crude hypotheses or vague generalities. We have here a work produced under the most unassuming title, yet embracing all that is known respecting the nature of disease and the methods of cure. In praising it we do but echo the medical reviewers, from whom it has met with unqualified approbation; while among the profession it is read with avidity alike by the most experienced practitioner and the early and advanced student. The former finds in it explanations and confirmations of opinions which he has formed by long observation, and derives from it valuable assistance in the most difficult consultation-practice. To the student it affords a clear light in his progress: his time (precious even to the most industrious) is saved by the manner in which it enables

him to dispense with 'an endless search after truth amidst the accumulated dust of ages'—being here taught to distinguish what is of real worth in the writings of more voluminous authors; and, above all, he is instructed how to reconcile those apparent contradictions of valuable writers which have been at all times the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of medical men.

Although a consulting physician, the author gives abundant evidence of his practical acquaintance with every branch of the healing art—midwifery, female complaints, and surgery; on the latter subject (though not comprised in the title) there is much valuable information; in short, these *First Principles* will be found as useful to the surgeon as to the physician. The subject of granulation is very clearly elucidated; and Dr. Billing has in our judgment silenced for ever the advocates of the doctrine that arterial action is the proximate cause of inflammation; while he has explained the treatment of inflammation, and more especially the use of opium therein, with beautiful perspicuity. To the physician the account of the nature and treatment of fevers is most important; and the description of the distinction of diseases of the lungs and chest very instructive. To Dr. Billing belongs the merit of having established clinical lectures in the metropolis, and also of being one of the earliest advocates for the use of the stethoscope. The value of clinical lectures has been universally felt; and the profession are indebted to the author for the manner in which he has in his work stripped auscultation of the errors and prejudices thrown around it, and left it a simple but invaluable aid to his brethren. His concise classification of remedies, under the heads of stimulants, sedatives, narcotics, and tonics, is also well worthy of attention.

Within our limits, however, we can give but an inadequate idea of this production. The author's style is unaffected yet logical, drawing the reader over to his opinion by the irresistible force of sorites and syllogism, without dressing them in technical language. Though he avoids the display of academic lore, he is evidently imbued with the learning of the schools; and his work is also pervaded by a high tone of moral and religious feeling, and a peculiar facility of illustration, drawn from various sources of physical science, theoretical and practical. We conclude by again recommending Dr. Billing's work not only to the profession, but also to the general reader, who will find abundant gratification in its perusal.

CATLIN ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

[In continuation.]

In our opening notice of this remarkable publication we were induced (for the sake of affording the usual variety of subject to our sheet, which was, indeed, very American) to stop short in the midst of the highly interesting account of the tribe of the Mandans, perhaps the most singular, if any ancient relation to Wales or Europe can be established, of the whole Indian population of the New World. The following are farther particulars, and of an extraordinary kind.

"These people never bury the dead, but place the bodies on slight scaffolds just above the reach of human hands, and out of the way of wolves and dogs; and they are there left to moulder and decay. This cemetery, or place of deposit for the dead, is just back of the village, on a level prairie; and, with all its appearances, history, forms, ceremonies, &c., is

one of the strangest and most interesting objects to be described in the vicinity of this peculiar race. Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honours and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted, and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe and tobacco, knife, flint and steel, and provisions enough to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform; a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped around the body, and tightly bound, and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged around the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body. There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach; and on the tops of these are small poles passing around from one post to the others; across which a number of willow-rods just strong enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented towards the rising sun. There are a great number of these bodies resting exactly in a similar way; excepting in some instances where a chief, or medicine-man, may be seen with a few yards of scarlet or blue cloth spread over his remains, as a mark of public respect and esteem. Some hundreds of these bodies may be seen reposing in this manner in this curious place, which the Indians call, 'the village of the dead;' and the traveller who visits this country to study and learn, will not only be struck with the novel appearance of the scene, but if he will give attention to the respect and devotions that are paid to this sacred place, he will draw many a moral deduction that will last him through life: he will learn, at least, that filial, conjugal, and paternal affection are not necessarily the results of civilisation; but that the Great Spirit has given them to man in his native state; and that the spices and improvements of the enlightened world have never refined upon them. There is not a day in the year in which one may not see in this place evidences of this fact, that will wring tears from his eyes, and kindle in his bosom a spark of respect and sympathy for the poor Indian, if he never felt it before. Fathers, mothers, wives, and children, may be seen lying under these scaffolds, prostrated upon the ground, with their faces in the dirt, howling forth incessantly the most piteous and heart-broken cries and lamentations for the misfortunes of their kindred: tearing their hair, cutting their flesh with their knives, and doing other penance to appease the spirits of the dead, whose misfortunes they attribute to some sin or omission of their own, for which they sometimes inflict the most excruciating self-torture. When the scaffolds on which the bodies rest decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations, having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of a hundred or more on the prairie—placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other), with the faces all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration. There are several of these 'Golgothas,' or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound

of three feet high, on which uniformly rest two buffalo-skulls (a male and female): and in the centre of the little mound is erected a 'medicine-pole,' about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place, do these people again resort, to evince their further affections for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however; for several years have cured the anguish; but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead. Every one of these skulls is placed upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows (by some mark or resemblance) the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group: and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night, and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay, the woman cuts a fresh bunch, and places the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it. Independent of the above-named duties, which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination, and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day, but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband—talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days), and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case, that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and perhaps, overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled around it, forgetting herself for hours; after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village. There is something exceedingly interesting and impressive in these scenes, which are so strikingly dissimilar, and yet within a few rods of each other; the one is the place where they pour forth the frantic anguish of their souls—and afterwards pay their visits to the other, to jest and gossip with the dead."

The Mandans are (were?) altogether a peculiar race; and Mr. C. hints that they may have descended from a Welsh immigration (of which more perhaps anon; and see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1280, p. 489, which relates and gives facts in support of the remarkable theory on this point). He informs us:

"Being a small tribe, and unable to contend on the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous, they have very judiciously located themselves in a permanent village, which is strongly fortified, and ensures their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts, and even luxuries, of life than any Indian nation I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe have taken many steps ahead of other tribes in manners and refinements (if I may be allowed to apply the word refinement to Indian life); and are therefore familiarly (and correctly) denominated, by the traders and others who have been amongst them, 'the polite and

friendly Mandans.' There is certainly great justice in the remark; and so forcibly have I been struck with the peculiar ease and elegance of these people, together with the diversity of complexions, the various colours of their hair and eyes—the singularity of their language, and their peculiar and unaccountable customs,—that I am fully convinced that they have sprung from some other origin than that of the other North American tribes, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilised race. Here arises a question of very great interest and importance for discussion; and, after further familiarity with their character, customs, and traditions, if I forget it not, I will eventually give it further consideration. Suffice it, then, for the present, that their personal appearance alone, independent of their modes and customs, pronounces them at once as more or less than savage. A stranger in the Mandan village is first struck with the different shades of complexion and various colours of hair which he sees in a crowd about him; and is at once almost disposed to exclaim that 'these are not Indians.' There are a great many of these people whose complexions appear as light as half-breeds; and amongst the women particularly there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features; with hazel, with grey, and with blue eyes,—with mildness and sweetness of expression, and excessive modesty of demeanour, which render them exceedingly pleasing and beautiful. Why this diversity of complexion I cannot tell, nor can they themselves account for it. Their traditions, so far as I have yet learned them, afford us no information of their having had any knowledge of white men before the visit of Lewis and Clarke, made to their village thirty-three years ago. Since that time there have been but very few visits from white men to this place, and surely not enough to have changed the complexions and the customs of a nation. And I recollect perfectly well that Governor Clarke told me, before I started for this place, that I would find the Mandans a strange people and half white. The diversity in the colour of hair is also equally as great as that in the complexion; for in a numerous group of these people (and more particularly amongst the females, who never take pains to change its natural colour, as the men often do), there may be seen every shade and colour of hair that can be seen in our own country, with the exception of red or auburn, which is not to be found. And there is yet one more strange and unaccountable peculiarity, which can probably be seen nowhere else on earth, nor on any rational grounds accounted for,—other than it is a freak or order of Nature, for which she has not seen fit to assign a reason;—there are very many, of both sexes, and of every age, from infancy to manhood and old age, with hair of a bright silvery grey; and in some instances almost perfectly white. This singular and eccentric appearance is much oftener seen among the women than it is with the men; for many of the latter who have it seem ashamed of it, and artfully conceal it by filling their hair with glue and black and red earth. The women, on the other hand, seem proud of it, and display it often in an almost incredible profusion, which spreads over their shoulders and falls as low as the knee. I have ascertained, on a careful inquiry, that about one in ten or twelve of the whole tribe are what the French call *cheveux gris*, or grey hairs; and that this strange and unaccountable phenomenon is not the result of disease or habit, but that it is unquestionably a hereditary cha-

racter which runs in families, and indicates no inequality in disposition or intellect. And by passing this hair through my hands, as I often have, I have found it uniformly to be as coarse and harsh as a horse's mane; differing materially from the hair of other colours, which amongst the Mandans is generally as fine and as soft as silk. The reader will at once see by the above facts, that there is enough upon the faces and heads of these people to stamp them peculiar,—when he meets them in the heart of this almost boundless wilderness presenting such diversities of colour in the complexion and hair,—when he knows, from what he has seen and what he has read, that all other primitive tribes known in America are dark copper-coloured, with jet-black hair."

"These facts," and others which are adduced, Mr. Catlin remarks, "with the host of their peculiarities which stare a traveller in the face, lead the mind back in search of some more remote and national cause for such striking singularities; and in this dilemma, I have been almost disposed (not to advance it as a theory, but) to inquire whether here may not be found yet existing the remains of the Welsh colony—the followers of Madoc; who, history tells us, if I recollect right, started with ten ships, to colonise a country which he had discovered in the Western Ocean; whose expedition I think has been pretty clearly traced to the mouth of the Mississippi, or the coast of Florida, and whose fate further than this seems sealed in unsearchable mystery."

The appendix to the second volume throws a more distinct light on this interesting inquiry; and, again begging our readers to refer back to Mr. Murray's letter in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1280, for a strangely corresponding or corroborating "notion" respecting a Welsh immigration, we for the present proceed to other matters.

The following notice of their costume reminds us of the horn of biblical authority, and so often mentioned in records of Asia the most ancient, as well as in modern instances:—

"There is occasionally a chief or a warrior of so extraordinary renown, that he is allowed to wear horns on his head-dress, which give to his aspect a strange and majestic effect. These are made of about a third part of the horn of a buffalo-bull; the horn having been split from end to end, and a third part of it taken and shaved thin and light, and highly polished. These are attached to the top of the head-dress on each side, in the same place that they rise and stand on the head of a buffalo; rising out of a mat of ermine skins and tails, which hang over the top of the head-dress, somewhat in the form that the large and profuse locks of hair hang and fall over the head of a buffalo-bull."

The same custom, it may be observed, prevails among the Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet, and Assiniboin; and belongs to all the north-western tribes, according to their earliest traditions. "No one (says our author) wears the head-dress surmounted with horns except the dignitaries who are very high in authority, and whose exceeding valour, worth, and power, is admitted by all the nation. He may wear them, however, who is not a chief; but a brave, or warrior of such remarkable character, that he is esteemed universally in the tribe as a man whose 'voice is as loud in council' as that of a chief of the first grade, and consequently his power as great. This head-dress with horns is used only on certain occasions, and they are very seldom. When foreign chiefs, Indian agents, or other important personages, visit a

tribe, or at war-parades, at the celebration of a victory, at public festivals, &c., they are worn; but on no other occasions—unless, sometimes, when a chief sees fit to lead a war-party to battle, he decorates his head with this symbol of power, to stimulate his men, and throws himself into the foremost of the battle, inviting his enemy to concentrate their shafts upon him. The horns on these head-dresses are but loosely attached at the bottom, so that they easily fall back or forward, according as the head is inclined forward or backward; and by an ingenious motion of the head, which is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, they are made to balance to and fro, and sometimes one backward and the other forward, like a horse's ears, giving a vast deal of expression and force of character to the appearance of the chief who is wearing them."

But a Mandan beau, or dandy, is a creature without horns; and a curious variety of that widely diffused race, of which specimens exist among every people on the face of the earth. On the banks of the upper Missouri, Mr. Catlin informs us,—

"Such personages may be seen on every pleasant day strutting and parading around the village in the most beautiful and unsoiled dresses, without the honourable trophies, however, of scalp-locks and claws of the grizzly bear attached to their costume, for with such things they deal not. They are not peculiarly anxious to hazard their lives in equal and honourable combat with the one, or disposed to cross the path of the other; but generally remain about the village, to take care of the women, and attire themselves in the skins of such animals as they can easily kill, without seeking the rugged cliffs for the war-eagle, or visiting the haunts of the grizzly bear. They plume themselves with swan's-down and quills of ducks, with braids and plaits of sweet-scented grass and other harmless and unmeaning ornaments, which have no other merit than they themselves have—that of looking pretty and ornamental. These clean and elegant gentlemen, who are very few in each tribe, are held in very little estimation by the chiefs and braves; inasmuch as it is known by all that they have a most horrible aversion to arms, and are denominated 'faint hearts,' or 'old women,' by the whole tribe; and are therefore but little respected. They seem, however, to be tolerably well contented with the appellation, together with the celebrity they have acquired amongst the women and children for the beauty and elegance of their personal appearance; and most of them seem to take and enjoy their share of the world's pleasures, although they are looked upon as drones in society. These gay and tinselled bucks may be seen in a pleasant day in all their plumes astride of their pied or dappled ponies, with a fan in the right hand, made of a turkey's tail, with whip and a fly-brush attached to the wrist of the same hand, and underneath them a white and beautiful and soft pleasure-saddle, ornamented with porcupine-quills and ermine,—parading through, and lounging about, the village for an hour or so, when they will cautiously bend their course to the suburbs of the town, where they will sit or recline upon their horses for an hour or two, overlooking the beautiful games where the braves and the young aspirants are contending in manly and athletic amusements. When they are fatigued with this severe effort, they wend their way back again, lift off their fine white saddle of doe's-skin, which is wadded with buffalo's hair, turn out their pony, take a little refreshment, smoke a pipe, fan them-

selves to sleep, and doze away the rest of the day."

What glorious effeminacy! Might not our Hyde-Park or West-end loungers take a profitable and graceful leaf out of the Mandan's book? Their self-satisfaction seems to be equal—the contempt in which they are held by men, and the little fond, fond partialities with which they are favoured by the other sex. We should like to see turkey-tail fans sported in the theatres; and a buffalo-tail fly-brush would surely be a fashionable novelty in St. James's or Bond Street. The matter is worthy of the best consideration of the nonentities who court notoriety by similar and less effectual means.

Mr. Catlin, in the course of his observations, states, that the Indians live entirely on meat; but yet he often mentions their cultivation of corn, and their feasts and festivals upon that product both in a green condition and when ripened and ground. The men, it seems, always eat sparingly; but the women and children stuff themselves profoundly. And further:—"The Mandans, like all other tribes, lead lives of idleness and leisure; and, of course, devote a great deal of time to their sports and amusements, of which they have a great variety. Of these, dancing is one of the principal, and may be seen in a variety of forms: such as the buffalo-dance, the boasting-dance, the begging-dance, the scalp-dance, and a dozen other kinds of dances, all of which have their peculiar characters and meanings, or objects. These exercises are exceedingly grotesque in their appearance; and to the eye of a traveller, who knows not their meaning or importance, they are an uncouth and frightful display of starts, and jumps, and yelps, and jarring gutturals, which are sometimes truly terrifying. But when one gives them a little attention, and has been lucky enough to be initiated into their mysterious meaning, they become a subject of the most intense and exciting interest. Every dance has its peculiar step, and every step has its meaning; every dance also has its peculiar song, and that is so intricate and mysterious oftentimes that not one in ten of the young men who are dancing and singing it know the meaning of the song which they are chanting over. None but the medicine-men are allowed to understand them; and even they are generally only initiated into these secret arcana on the payment of a liberal stipend for their tuition, which requires much application and study. There is evidently a set song and sentiment for every dance; for the songs are perfectly measured, and sung in exact time with the beat of the drum; and always with an uniform and invariable set of sounds and expressions, which clearly indicate certain sentiments, which are expressed by the voice, though sometimes not given in any known language whatever. They have other dances and songs which are not so mystified, but which are sung and understood by every person in the tribe, being sung in their own language, with much poetry in them, and perfectly metred, but without rhyme."

The engravings of their dances and revels are extravagantly grotesque, especially in their imitations of animals; and we regret that we have not the means of shewing them in picture; but they will be found exceedingly curious and well done in the work before us. Our concluding quotation for this week gives a striking account of one, and a tragical catastrophe which resulted from it. It follows:—

"The chief issues his order to his runners or criers, who proclaim it through the village—and in a few minutes the dance begins. The place where this strange operation is carried

on is in the public area in the centre of the village, and in front of the great medicine or mystery-lodge. About ten or fifteen Mandans at a time join in the dance, each one with the skin of the buffalo's head (or mask), with the horns on, placed over his head, and in his hand his favourite bow or lance, with which he is used to slay the buffalo. I mentioned that this dance always had the desired effect, that it never fails—nor can it, for it cannot be stopped (but is going on incessantly day and night) until 'buffalo come.' Drums are beating and rattles are shaken, and songs and yells incessantly are shouted, and lookers-on stand ready with masks on their heads, and weapons in hand, to take the place of each one as he becomes fatigued, and jumps out of the ring. During this time of general excitement, spies or 'lookers' are kept on the hills in the neighbourhood of the village, who, when they discover buffaloes in sight, give the appropriate signal, by 'throwing their robes,' which is instantly seen in the village, and understood by the whole tribe. At this joyful intelligence there is a shout of thanks to the Great Spirit, and more especially to the mystery-man, and the dancers, who have been the immediate cause of their success! There is then a brisk preparation for the chase—a grand hunt takes place. The choicest pieces of the victims are sacrificed to the Great Spirit, and then a surfeit and a carouse. These dances have sometimes been continued in this village two and three weeks without stopping an instant, until the joyful moment when buffaloes made their appearance. So they never fail; and they think they have been the means of bringing them in. Every man in the Mandan village (as I have before said) is obliged, by a village-regulation, to keep the mask of the buffalo hanging on a post at the head of his bed, which he can use on his head whenever he is called upon by the chiefs to dance for the coming of buffaloes. The mask is put over the head, and generally has a strip of the skin hanging to it, of the whole length of the animal, with the tail attached to it, which, passing down over the back of the dancer, is dragged on the ground. When one becomes fatigued of the exercise, he signifies it by bending quite forward, and sinking his body towards the ground; when another draws a bow upon him, and hits him with a blunt arrow, and he falls like a buffalo—is seized by the by-standers, who drag him out of the ring by the heels, brandishing their knives about him; and having gone through the motions of skinning and cutting him up, they let him off, and his place is at once supplied by another, who dances into the ring with his mask on; and by this taking of places, the scene is easily kept up night and day, until the desired effect has been produced, that of 'making buffalo come.' The day before yesterday, however, readers, which, though it commenced in joy and thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for the signal success which had attended their several days of dancing and supplication, ended in a calamity which threw the village of the Mandans into mourning and repentant tears, and that at a time of scarcity and great distress. The signal was given into the village on that morning from the top of a distant bluff, that a band of buffaloes were in sight, though at a considerable distance off, and every heart beat with joy, and every eye watered and glistened with gladness. The dance had lasted some three or four days; and now, instead of the doleful tap of the drum and the begging-chants of the dancers, the stamping of horses was heard as they were led and galloped through the village—young men were throwing off their

robes and their shirts,—were seen snatching a handful of arrows from their quivers, and stringing their sinewy bows, glancing their eyes and their smiles at their sweethearts, and mounting their ponies.

A few minutes there had been of bustle and boasting, whilst bows were twanging and spears were polishing by running their blades into the ground—every face and every eye was filled with joy and gladness—horses were pawing and snuffing in fury for the outset, when Louison Frénié, an interpreter of the Fur Company, galloped through the village with his rifle in his hand and his powder-horn at his side; his head and his waist were bandaged with handkerchiefs, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders—the hunter's yell issued from his lips, and was repeated through the village; he flew to the bluffs, and behind him, and over the graceful swells of the prairie, galloped the emulous youths, whose hearts were beating high and quick for the onset. In the village, where hunger had reigned, and starvation was almost ready to look them in the face, all was instantly turned to joy and gladness. The chiefs and doctors, who had been for some days dealing out minimum rations to the community from the public crib, now spread before their subjects the contents of their own private *caches*, and the last of every thing that could be mustered, that they might eat a thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, for his goodness in sending them a supply of buffalo-meat. A general carouse of banqueting ensued, which occupied the greater part of the day; and their hidden stores, which might have fed an emergency for several weeks, were pretty nearly used up on the occasion—bones were half picked, and dishes half emptied, and then handed to the dogs. I was not forgotten neither, in the general surfeit: several large and generous wooden bowls of pemican and other palatable food were sent to my painting-room; and I received them in this time of scarcity with great pleasure. After this general indulgence was over, and the dogs had licked the dishes, their usual games and amusements ensued—and hilarity, and mirth, and joy, took possession of, and reigned in, every nook and corner of the village; and in the midst of this, screams and shrieks were heard, and echoed every where. Women and children scrambled to the tops of their wigwams, with their eyes and their hands stretched in agonising earnestness to the prairie, whilst blackened warriors ran furiously through every winding maze of the village, and issuing their jarring gutturals of vengeance, as they snatched their deadly weapons from their lodges, and struck the reddened post as they furiously passed it by! Two of their hunters were bending their course down the sides of the bluff towards the village, and another broke suddenly out of a deep ravine, and yet another was seen dashing over and down the green hills, and all were goading on their horses at full speed! and then came another, and another, and all entered the village, amid shouts and groans of the villagers, who crowded around them: the story was told in their looks; for one was bleeding, and the blood that flowed from his naked breast had crimsoned his milk-white steed as it had dripped over him; another grasped in his left hand a scalp that was reeking in blood, and in the other his whip; another grasped nothing, save the reins in one hand and the mane of the horse in the other, having thrown his bow and his arrows away, and trusted to the fleetness of his horse for his safety;—yet the story was audibly told, and

the fatal tragedy recited in irregular and almost suffocating ejaculations—the names of the dead were in turns pronounced, and screams and shrieks burst forth at their recital—murmurs and groans ran through the village, and this happy little community were in a moment smitten with sorrow and distraction. Their proud band of hunters, who had started full of glee and mirth in the morning, had been surrounded by their enemy, the Sioux, and eight of them killed. The Sioux, who had probably reconnoitred their village during the night, and ascertained that they were dancing for buffaloes, laid a stratagem to entrap them in the following manner:—Some six or eight of them appeared the next morning (on a distant bluff, in sight of their sentinel) under the skins of buffaloes, imitating the movements of those animals whilst grazing; and being discovered by the sentinel, the intelligence was telegraphed to the village, which brought out their hunters as I have described. The masked buffaloes were seen grazing on the top of a high bluff; and when the hunters had approached within half a mile or so of them, they suddenly disappeared over the hill. Louison Frénié, who was leading the little band of hunters, became at that moment suspicious of so strange a movement, and came to a halt.

'Look!' (said a Mandan, pointing to a little ravine to the right, and at the foot of the hill, from which suddenly broke some forty or fifty furious Sioux, on fleet horses and under full whip, who were rushing upon them); they wheeled, and in front of them came another band more furious from the other side of the hill! they started for home (poor fellows), and strained every nerve; but the Sioux were too fleet for them; and every now and then, the whizzing arrow and the lance were heard to rip the flesh of their naked back, and a grunt and a groan, as they tumbled from their horses. Several miles were run in this desperate race; and Frénié got home, and several of the Mandans, though eight of them were killed and scalped by the way. So ended that day and the hunt."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shaksperiana. An Account of Shakspeare's Plays and their Commentaries. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. 8vo, pp. 46. J. R. Smith.

YOUNG and indefatigable in his researches, Mr. Halliwell is continually enriching our literature with productions of merit and utility. This catalogue of the early editions of Shakspeare ought to be placed by the side of every edition. It is the most concise, yet the most copious illustration of the subject which has hitherto been given to the public; and the design, if correctly executed (of which we are not sure, as we miss certain facts and observe some errors), is worthy of the inquisitive spirit of the author.

The Manuscript Rarities of the University of Cambridge. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c. 8vo, pp. 175. T. Rodd.

ANOTHER valuable contribution, for which the students of Cambridge and the literary world at large are much indebted to Mr. Halliwell. We trust it will lead the way to a catalogue of all the precious remains of antiquity in the manuscript form which are to be found in the various libraries of this famed seat of learning. The contents of the Public Library are well and distinctly set forth in this volume; which has considerable obligations to Nasmyth's catalogue. One entry will exhibit the manner;

and is also worthy of selection from the pity quotation it gives.

Codex chartaceus, in quarto. Sec. xv.

1. Sermones dominicales.
2. De productione hominis ad corpus et animam.
3. Tractatus vocatus "Stimulus Conscientie," ab Anglico in Latinum translatus.
4. Varia theologica.

Ad finem:—

'When I think on thyngges thre,
Sory may myn hert be.
Onis, I schalle away;
Another is, I not what day;
The therd is my most caye;
I not wheder I schalle fare.'

Some attention paid to punctuation would, however, greatly increase the value of Mr. Halliwell's labours: the lines we have quoted were absolutely unintelligible until we pointed them; and this fault, of which we see too many instances, ought, especially in such publications, to be very carefully guarded against.

The Steamboat, Part I., by C. W. M. Reynolds (J. Rogers, Sherwood and Co.), is a new adventure on the roll of periodical tale-telling, which we fancy the public are getting rather to dislike. We have always considered it to be disadvantageous to writers of even the highest talent: perhaps it is less so as they descend in the scale. The present appears to be observant of ordinary life, but the characters overdrawn for the sake of effect. The old citizen is too blind an ass, and Captain Pimlico too outrageous a Parolles, to be able to impose on any living being; and so of the rest. The illustrations, by A. Crowquill, are of the class now so prevalent as to forbid originality; and there is a portrait of the author, of whose effort at the finer part of writing, the following is a sample: "The steampacket continued its course upon the placid waters of the Thames; and its way was marked by the billows that it raised in a straight line behind it. (What would Mr. Russell say to this new theory of the wave?) In calm waters it elevated the waves which rolled around it; and thus does a man, in a happy world, create the whirlpool of passions through which he is compelled to struggle." Mr. Reynolds is more at home, we should imagine, in the lighter characteristics, and *faceties* of swimmoberry and low life.

Parley's Penny Library, Part I., contains, we believe, four weekly pennyworths of an omnium gatherum from a number of popular works, to which the attractive name of Peter Parley is given. There seems to be plenty of amusement in it for "the small sum of one penny."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PRESERVATION OF MEAT.

WE have more than once borne testimony to the completeness of the pickling of meat of all kinds by Payne's patent pneumatic process; and have already described the method employed. We further did remark, that, should time discover no defects, the invention would be of infinite value to our commerce, and a boon to our navy and merchant-service. Several barrels of meat were prepared in April last, and despatched, on trial, to Barbadoes, where they arrived in July. The meat had been packed, some with layers of salt in the ordinary way, and some (No. 3) without any whatever. It was examined in August, after a period of four months; and we are happy to subjoin an extract from a letter of the tasters at Barbadoes to the exporters in London, confirmatory of our opinion:

"We have minutely examined the five barrels of provisions sent per Eleanor, and which are in the highest state of perfection; not a grain of salt was to be found in any of the packages, the brine almost as clear as water, although No. 1 had a darker appearance than any of the rest, but nothing material. From No. 3 we tried a piece of it boiled, and nothing could be finer—the meat perfectly juicy, the flavour not at all saltish; nor was it of that hard description that salt beef generally is which comes out cured from Great Britain. An old American ship-master declared it was the best description of cured meat he had ever seen.

"Barbadoes, 31st Aug. 1811."

CARBON AND SILICON.

our report of the British Association at Plymouth was mentioned Prof. Liebig's failure in the production of silicon from paracyanogen; a result obtained, according to the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, by Dr. Brown, and in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1286, we enlarged on this subject, recommending Dr. Brown carefully to repeat his tests of the production; and directing Prof. Liebig's attention to Dr. Brown's method of preparing the paracyanogen. The *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month contains an account of experiments on the alleged conversion of carbon into silicon, by R. Brett and J. Derham Smith. These practical chemists conclude that the carbon of paracyanogen is incapable of conversion into silicon. Every possible care appears to have been taken in the experiments (detailed in the *Magazine*), and every advantage given to the assumed or supposed result obtained by Dr. Brown. Paracyanogen produced by the decomposition of hydrocyanic acid, and also by the decomposition of bichloride of mercury—the paracyanogen employed by Dr. Brown—was variously submitted to severe practical test, but in no one case has the fact of the statement made by Dr. Brown been verified by Messrs. Brett and Smith. The result of one of their trials, however, approached the Dr.'s description of the films of silicon lining the porcelain crucible in which his experiment was made, and which process he recommends as likely eventually to be an economical and convenient way of lining porcelain with silicon for experimental purposes. A cheaper and more easily to be obtained substance than paracyanogen was also tried by Messrs. Brett and Smith—lamp-black, and with like effect, differing only in colour. Their remark, however, is: "we do not say that this is not silicon, but if it be, either lamp-black is as capable of lining crucibles with silicon as paracyanogen is, or at high temperatures the carbon is capable of reducing the silica of the glaze, and thus producing the same effect." We incline to the latter conclusion. Further elucidation, proof, or recantation, rests with Dr. Brown.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary meeting on Thursday, the receipts for September were stated at 667*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, making a total balance in hand of 1,188*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* There had been expended 715*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, leaving a present balance of 473*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* The number of visitors to the gardens was 13,604; and the money received 544*l.* 15*s.* The presents during the month had been of much value, including two lions and a lioness from Sir T. Reade, consul at Tunis; a green and a Mona monkey; two golden eagles; an Australian dog; six skins of rare monkeys from Fernando Po; and 57 specimens of birds, and three of quadrupeds, from Australia, by Mr. G. Knapp. One of the chimpanzees, recently added to the collection, has unfortunately died.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 5, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Sept. 27.—M. Serres presented to the Academy, in the name of a committee appointed for that purpose, a report on the observations and collections made by Admiral Dumont d'Urville on the inhabitants of the isles in the southern and eastern ocean. The admiral was of opinion that the inhabitants of New Holland, New Zealand, and others of the Australian and Polynesian groups, belong to the Ethiopic

family—(one of the three great primitive divisions of the human race, viz. the Caucasian, or white division; the Mongolian, or yellow division; the Ethiopic, or black division). The Malays, and other people of the islands more properly Asiatic, belonged to the Mongolian division, or to crosses between this and the Ethiopic. The fifty casts of heads, which the admiral had brought home from different points, were observed by M. Serres to be of the utmost value in determining the true characters of these tribes; and were more important in a scientific point of view, since the aborigines were fast disappearing before the increase of the white and mixed race. Thus there are now only forty individuals existing of the aboriginal population of Van Diemen's Land, and only one birth took place among them in 1839; so that there was no doubt but that they would ultimately become extinct. It was true, that the natives of other islands were of tribes very closely allied to them. The admiral considered that the various languages spoken in the Polynesian and Australian groups were only the remnants of dialects of a primitive tongue, common perhaps to them all, but now totally lost. He observed, that the superior races of the human species were at all points gaining rapidly on the inferior, and that the physical improvement of the human race was in progress. M. Serres gave it as his own opinion, that the Hindoos, Arabs, Mongols, and Chinese had one common origin, and that an Ethiopic one; an opinion at variance with the general classification mentioned above.—M. Arago presented a table, drawn up by Captain Lamarche, of barometrical and thermometrical observations, made at Cherbourg in 1838, 1839, and 1840. The mean temperature there of all the year was ascertained to be 11 2·10 above zero of the centigrade scale, or 52° Fahrenheit. The mean temperature at Paris is 10 8·10 C., or 51 22·50 F. At Cherbourg the mean temperature of the winter (December, January, February) was 5 7·10 C., or 42 13·50 F.; while at Paris it was 3 6·10 C., or 38 7·10 F. The mean temperature of the summer (June, July, and August) was 16 5·10 C., or 63 3·5 F.; while at Paris it was 18 C., or 64 2·5 F. The barometer was observed to go through much wider ranges of elevation and depression than in Paris; or, in other words, the climate was much more changeable. All these effects arose from the proximity of Cherbourg to the ocean.—An account was read to the Academy of some further observations and experiments on the composition of atmospheric air, and on the quantity of oxygen contained in it. Air had been collected with great precautions, in vessels properly prepared, at Paris, Berne, and the summit of the Faulhorn, in Switzerland; and the quantities of oxygen contained in the air from those localities were as 2304, 2295, and 2297 respectively.—A memoir was read by M. Douve, on the deformities of *belemnites* from strata under the chalk-system near Castellane in the Basses Alpes. They varied considerably, and presented some curious phenomena for zoologists.—Several medical papers were presented to the Academy; among them was one, by Mr. Bowman, on muscular contraction.

Some Celtic tumuli in the forest of Hardt, near Basle, have been recently opened under the direction of the Historical Society of that city. They contained a considerable number of the usual kind of Celtic ornaments, iron and bronze rings, buckles, objects in horn, and remains of arms, but nearly all in a state of great decay.

On the 28th ult. a commission of clergymen and laymen had the tomb of St. Richarde, wife of Charles le Gros, in the abbey of Andlau, near Strasburg, opened. Within the coffin, which was of stone, exceedingly thick, was found the skeleton, nearly entire; the bones were of unusual delicacy of formation, which circumstance coincides with the tradition of the Strasburg Breviary of 1484, that the saint was *elegantis forme*. The abbey of Andlau was founded by the empress, in the ninth century; and her body was transferred from its original resting-place, in one of the lateral chapels, to a spot behind the high altar, by order of Leo IX., when he visited the church in 1804, at which period her canonization was decreed. She remained a virgin, notwithstanding her marriage, all her life.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hereford Cathedral Church, East End of the Choir, now in progress of Restoration by L. H. Cottingham. London: Vale, Ackermann.

This fine print possesses great attractions for the architect and antiquary. With the laudable intention of restoring the eastern end of the fine cathedral of Hereford, Mr. Cottingham was employed to remove some of the beautifications and alterations of bygone days, previous to replacing them in a style consistent with the rest of the building. In executing this task the noble remains of the original structure were brought to light in a sufficient status to enable him to re-edify the whole in a congruous manner. The Saxon and early Norman were found blended, as they often are in our earliest churches—the former occupying the lower, and the other the superior, parts. The round and the pointed thus disposed appear in perfect harmony; and the usual ornaments compose with admirable simplicity and effect. We can hardly give an idea of this by words: the engraving speaks so strongly and distinctly to the eye. We cannot, however, but congratulate the bishop, the dean and chapter, and the clergy generally of this diocese, on the striking improvement thus made on their capital of worship. The example is worthy of being followed, not only in cathedrals, but in every village church where the stupid hand of innovation has perverted and concealed the features of the original, which are never, or seldom, otherwise than far more acceptable than the *bélises* which have obscured or supplanted them. Whitewashing wardens and plastering overseers have too long been permitted to inscribe their names on boards, as having perpetrated such jobs; and now that the sense of the country is more fully awakened to their absurdity, it is high time that their washes should be washed off, and their plasters unplastered. It was only the other day, at Launceston, that we admired some exquisitely clustered pillars of beautiful native stone, which had been painted over by some Goth, and but recently cleared to their pristine grain of most pleasing colour and charming effect, and the handsome capitals appearing as sharp as when chiselled—perhaps two centuries ago. It is well worthy the consideration of the clergy throughout the empire, to cause immediate attention to be paid to all similar follies; and also (if they would take the trouble) to survey, copy, and describe every parochial antiquity which is being lost through carelessness and the lapse of time. It is painful, on any tour in any part of the country, to witness monuments, stones, inscriptions, &c., being defaced or destroyed, without an effort to

preserve a memorial of them. An entire national work which should do so would be most popular and interesting.

Don Quixote, Part I: twenty-five rare Engravings by Carl Coppel, Sc., by J. Stirling Coyne. London, J. Williams.

Four plates introduce to us this very promising re-edition of Coppel's characteristic illustrations of the immortal Knight, so long and so highly prized by print-collectors. It is executed by the Electrototype, which has produced a faithful copy of old Coppel, and must bring a welcome supply to the portfolios of many a longing virtuoso. The solemnity of the principal in his be-knighting and vigils is happily contrasted with the humour of his Squire, even when aloft in his blanket-tossing exaltation. We can hardly doubt but that Mr. Coyne and Mr. Williams will be encouraged to finish the publication in the excellent style with which they have started. The texts of the plates in Spanish, French, and English, complete the interest of the publication.

Harvey's Scenes of the Primitive Forest of America at the Four Seasons of the Year; with explanatory Letter-press. London, G. Harvey, Ackermann.

This experiment will, we trust, be received in the manner it deserves, both from its novelty and its pictorial merits; and Mr. Harvey be cheered on to complete a series, such as he intimates, of thirty-six similar scenes. We know nothing beyond verbal description of the grand forest-aspects of America, with the atmospheric effects connected with them; both so unlike what we have in our own country, or in the pictures of European art. It is therefore a great pleasure to see them represented in a very skillful and picturesque manner, and as we have here the four seasons, with trees burning in spring—a road-accident—gigantic sycamores—and travellers in a pine-forest. These aspects, so peculiar to America, and giving so original an appearance to the artist's performances, ought to recommend them strongly to the old world—the old-world people ought to delight in the old-world trees.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COME! COME TO THE HIGHLANDS.

YE poets who love to put nature in verse,
O! come to the Highlands, their praises rehearse;
For chang'd is "fair England,"—the factory now
Rises up in each spot undecaf'd by the plough;
Through the groves, by the streams where young
children once play'd,
Those beauty-extinguishing railroads are made;
The Muses and Graces, a fugitive band,
Already are fairly steen'd out of the land;
By Mammon destroy'd, Cupid soon will expire,
And Plutus become the sole god of desire.
Then haste, leave that workshop, that busy bee-hive—
In these scenes of wild beauty the Muse would revive;
These precipitous mountains that soar to the sky
Can railroad-directors and engines defy.
Come rhyme ancient legends, embellish each tale,
That glids with romance ev'ry peak, loch, and vale;
Climb Cavinotul, Brerbach, Cairngorm, Cloacaben,
Craigendaroch, Mouthallock, Mouthkeen, and Morven;
Bold cragsmen alone Ben Muick Dhui will try,
Or dark Loch na Garr with its precipice high.

Here converse is innocent, gossipings cease,
And (like the first pair) lovers wander in peace;
"Non-Interventionist" principles much they approve,
Yet "Moderates" are, save in feelings of love.
His mammon for nature exchanging awhile,
The citizen's countenance beams with a smile;
Phrenological studies are quite overthrown,
We forget others' organs, enjoying our own:
Except when mistis gather, some few ladies fair,
Who lose their bright smiles with the curl of their hair;
And elderly epics often complain,
And long for their dear "creature-comforts" again;

Like the fam'd Orkney tourist,* home, murmur'ing, they
haste—

For men with fine palates may not possess taste;
Unmov'd on God's glories the gourmand can look,
And value them less than the skill of a cook.
Ah, self should be lost—midst His works all should raise
To the mighty Creator the tribute of praise.

I have knelt at the altars where vow'd priests preside,
In their fam'd Notre Dame dress'd in robes of pride;
To the senses appealing, they touch not the heart,
And feelings of piety fail to impart.
When we worship in Scotland, though simple the shrine,
Yet nearer we seem to the Spirit divine.
The church-bells of England are sweet to the ear,
Inviting the soul before God to appear;
But there's sounds in these wild glens, there's glories

around,
That make the heart thrill with devotion profound.
One sweet Sabbath eve with my sister I stay'd,
To where Corri-mulzie its beauties display'd:
There onward careering, so silvery bright,
The waterfall bursts from its steep verdant height,
Veil'd by shadowing trees, its bright-glancing spray
Was illum'd ere it fell by the sun's setting ray;
Its drops seem'd like diamonds, which blaz'd, then
were gone—

In the shade chang'd to pearls, dropping down one by one,
Lost in white-crested foam, which pictur'd has been
As the birthplace of Venus, of beauty's fair queen:
Its fantasies over, it falls placidly,
And wedded becomes to the silvery Dee;
Still lovely, though chang'd,—like some hoydenish fair,
Who, tam'd down by marriage, no frolic will dare.

By this sight in my soul adoration was rais'd,
Delighted I felt how a God should be prais'd:
I look'd in those eyes that express ev'ry thought,
My sister's heart too with devotion was fraught:
We joyfully gaz'd on the glories around,
Our hearts joined in pray'r, though we utter'd no sound;
Thought crowded on thought, words were pow'rless and
weak

The soul's aspirations and ardour to speak;
A pure angel-spirit it seem'd to attain,
To be freed for a while from mortality's chain;
Like the pilgrim, whose burden fell off at the shrine,
The creature was lost in the Maker divine.
O! the powers of our nature 'tis glorious to prove,
To unsal the sweet fountains of friendship and love,
To wake dormant feelings that sleep in the heart;
In the trials of life it will new strength impart,
And an antidote prove to the plague-spot of sin,
To recede that best hour in the wild Highland lin.

Aberdeen, Sept. 8.

LIZZIE.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES FRASER, ESQ.

ON Saturday this very estimable man paid the great debt of nature, at an early age, when, according to all human probabilities, he had a long career of usefulness and prosperity before him. Mr. Fraser was a successful publisher, and proprietor of the well-known Magazine which goes by his name. From his press issued many works of great merit and popularity; and he was personally the friend and intimate of a number of authors of high talent and genius. In all his dealings with them, and with literary persons in general, he was direct, straight-forward, candid, and liberal. It is a rare trait of character, and worthy of remembrance whenever he may be spoken of hereafter, that we never heard a complaint against what he either said or did in the whole of this difficult intercourse. He must have conducted himself with singular integrity and prudence to have earned this praise. Mr. Fraser's own taste and judgment in literature were also of a superior order. He held peculiar opinions on some subjects; but they interfered not with his punctual discharge of all the real duties of life. In short, he was an individual of great worth; and his premature loss is a subject of extensive and sincere lamentation. He died in Argyle Street, where his afflicted mother resided with him, after a very long consumptive illness, which for many a day left no hope of his recovery: and we may conclude by repeating, that a more just and honourable being never descended to the grave.

* Dr. Johnson.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A THOUGHT.

How terrible are party-feuds! how strange they should be allowed to exist where so little might render friends those who now appear deadly foes! How awful to behold self-styled Christians at war with each other on the doctrines of that faith whose divine origin should implant love and brotherly feeling in the breasts of all its followers! How often do we see the emblems chosen by men to denote party-violence, such as might be made, by a little blending, emblems of peace! In Ireland, for instance, the colours worn by the opposing parties are orange and green; and it is worthy of remark, that these very colours, if mingled together, would produce the Olive, whose branch was Heaven's symbol of returning peace to fallen man!

E. C. DE C—

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The announcement of the opening of this theatre, at Christmas, appears among our advertisements; and we heartily congratulate the public upon the prospect of improvement in theatrical concerns, both behind and before the curtain, which it presents. From the experience of two seasons at Covent Garden, an assurance is felt that, whatever Mr. Macready promises, he performs; and we also know, that he is not cramped in means, which render temporary failures, when they occur, so detrimental to the interests of the drama. We therefore confidently look forward to the splendid and appropriate illustration of revivals of Shakspeare, and, perhaps, of others of our ancient glories, together with an open and generous encouragement of the living genius of our own time. And, above all, we anticipate that moral reform in the conduct of the audience-portion of the house, which will do more than even scenic attractions towards rescuing the theatre from one of its deepest degradations, and making it a resort not incompatible for the enjoyment of respectability and virtue. For this reform alone, Mr. Macready will merit the sincere applause and patronage of every lover of the drama.

Covent Garden.—*Caught Napping*, a pseudo-farce, was brought out on Thursday evening; but inexorably condemned. It seemed to consist of the adventures of an Irishman out of place (Brougham), when persuaded that he was transformed into a gentleman and an officer. Alas for *Teddy the Tyler*, poor *Tyrone Power*, whose name we have never been able to write for the last months, though it was wont to be charged with the jocund laughter of thousands in such parts as this. The failure, however, was not attributable to the actor. The piece moved too heavily throughout; and there was no humour in its intermediate glimpses to redeem the general want of effect.

Adelphi Theatre.—The season at this popular place of amusement commenced on Monday with a *Romantic Burletta of Witchcraft*. For some time advertisements had announced the extensive "preparations making for a novel scenic effect;" and the Adelphi-goers were highly expectant. Hints of water and witches, and coral caves and crystal streams, had transpired. *Lurline*, and other pieces, recurred to memory, floating nymphs, "hydro-scenic" illusion, &c. Illusion! Not the least in the hydro-scenic wonders of "*Die Hexen am Rhein*." Real water, and to a considerable depth, and spacious enough for a swimming-bath, occupies the whole stage. Not that the water-representation of the Adel-

phi at all resembles that metropolitan luxury; for from the moment the drop-scene rises, "flow on, thou shining river," haunts every spectator. There is, however, swimming—and capital swimming too—and diving withal; and of such an order as to entitle the performer, without further trial, to a medal. We do not remember whether the swimmer of the Adelphi exhibited on a late occasion in the Serpentine. We think not: or a greater sensation would have been excited, and a nine days' wonder the result, to the total extinction of the memory of poor Scott. Fancy a newspaper-paragraph: "Yesterday Miss Ellen Chaplin turned a summerset over the parapet of the bridge into the Serpentine, and sported, and swam, and dived, to the great admiration of a concourse of spectators and lovers of such aquatic sports: it is understood she will repeat her performances this day."—This really occurs nightly at the Adelphi; and a better chap for a lyan we never saw. She fully deserves our chaplet of praise. A *débütante* on this occasion, on the London boards as well as in the waters, Miss Chaplin is young, pretty, and promising, with a modest engaging manner. Of the acting generally we may merely say, that all the characters were well supported. The part of *Idia of Idenheim* was not worthy the representative. The name of Mrs. Yates, however, of course attracts; and hence the *infra dig.* allotment. Wieland and witches (*Hezen*), "whirlwinds and whirlwinds," Paul Bedford and Mrs. P. Grat-tan, dances, choruses, and songs, are the incidental amusements of the burlesque. The music, by Rodwell, is pleasing and appropriate. The crowning "hydro-scenic" wonder is, of course, the grand finale: description fails! The pride of "look at my stage" is fully gratified; and a nightly acknowledgment of public approbation is the pleasing penalty.

The Surrey Theatre.—The attractions of the *Battle of Blenheim*, and the circle with Ducrow's double stud, moved us this week to the Surrey Theatre; which we found, truly, though according to the bills, crowded from the ground to the ceiling. Nor, after we had seen the performances, did we wonder at it; for young and old, rich and poor (looking), gentle and simple, all seemed to be delighted with the battle, the drums and fies, the terrible strife of foot and horse, the marches and countermarches, evolutions, assaults, slaughters, conflagrations, and, in short, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. The quaint costume of the times adds to the scenic and picturesque effect of this well-got-up drama; and the bipeds and quadrupeds, to whom the principal parts are assigned, acquit themselves to admiration. Then comes the circle. First a charming equestrian representation of the award of the Dunmow Fluch of Bacon, with Roger-de-Coverley dances on horseback. Then there is an extraordinary tumbler, or posture-master, who, with two chairs, throws himself with ease and agility into every possible and impossible shape, as "powerful fancy works." Nor must we forget Jim Crow and his granny galloping round the ring with grotesque fun and absurdity; and the pony-races, equal, at least, in interest to the Derby or the St. Leger. Altogether it is a capital night's entertainment; and, not to mention the grown-ups, the children do enjoy it, and laugh so!

Victoria.—A divertimento of fire behind the scenes took place here on Monday, and excited great alarm among the audience; but happily no accidents accrued, and the blaze of some gauze screens, which had caught the flame from the lamps, was the amount of the mischief done.

Foreign Theatricals.—We recently presented our readers with an account of a St. Petersburg play, entitled *Kean*, and founded on the amount of the late tragedian with Mrs. Alderman Cox. It seems that M. Comte de Paris is resolved not to be behindhand in this style of drama; for he is about to bring out at his Théâtre Choiseul a play called *Byron at Harrow*, in which Sir Robert Peel is to play a *premier rôle*.

VARIETIES.

Bude Light.—Preparations are now making at the lamp-post at the bottom of Waterloo Place in Pall Mall, for lighting that locality with the Bude light. This is the first experiment in the public streets; and if it succeed, it is anticipated that Sir J. Scott Lillie and other parties interested, who have established an office near, will form a company to work it, like the gas illuminators.

H. B., Nos. 708, 9, 10.—The first represents Lord Melbourne seated in a brown study, expressing his admiration of the boy Jones' getting into the Palace a *third time*. The next is Peel as a schoolmaster, shewing Lords Melbourne and John Russell a sum in addition, viz. 90 and 1, making the Commons' majority. Lord Brougham is enjoying the puzzle of his old pupils. The third, and best, is Peel putting the extinguisher of Conservatism upon the light of Whiggery. Some of the former ministers are guttering over.

Bibliomania.—At the sale of Mr. Chalmers' library on Tuesday, by Mr. Evans, a unique edition of Marlowe's *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, &c.*, published in 1595, having been previously acted "sundrie times by the Right Hon. the Earle of Pembroke his servants;" and from which Shakspeare borrowed largely for his *Richard III.*—was knocked down to Mr. Rodd at 131l. The highest price on record for a single play is 97l.—for the *Taming of a Shrew*.

Gresham College.—The last No. of the *Gentleman's Magazine* states that Gresham College is about to be removed to Basinghall Street, and gradually re-established in its original functions. Lectures will be systematically delivered, and academical instruction supplied, agreeably to the intentions of the founder. Crosby Hall was thought of for this institution—and a noble place it would have been; but circumstances have prevented the negotiation from being completed.

Eton School.—The grand prize of an Indian writership, founded by Mr. Bayley, has been won by Mr. Buckland, a son of the Rev. Mr. Buckland of Laleham, and nephew to the celebrated professor of geology. For Prince Albert's prize of 50l. to the scholar most distinguished in a knowledge of foreign languages, the competitors were twelve in number; and the contest, being in French and German, very honourable to them all. The meed was ultimately awarded to Mr. Simpson, sixteen years of age, and son of the rector of Horsted, Sussex. By way of allaying the fears of those (see first review of *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1287) who imagined that the study of modern languages would divert the pupils from the classics and other scholastic duties, it is gratifying to learn that Simpson and some of his compeers are distinguished in other branches.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages.—The third report of the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages has just been published; and the following table will shew the numbers registered in the year ending June 30, 1840, compared with those of the preceding years:—

| | 1839-40. | 1838-39. | 1837-38. |
|---------------|----------|----------|----------|
| Births . . . | 501,583 | 499,540 | 499,713 |
| Deaths . . . | 350,101 | 331,007 | 335,956 |
| Marriages . . | 124,329 | 111,083 | 111,481 |

Thus shewing an increase in the number of births registered in the year ending June 30, 1840, over those in 1838-39 of 21,049; over those in 1837-38 of 101,877; in the number of deaths registered in the year ending June 30, 1840, over those in 1838-39 of 19,094; over those in 1837-38 of 14,145; in the number of marriages registered in the year ending June 30, 1840, over those in 1838-39 of 3,246; over those in 1837-38 of 12,848. The increase in the number of registered births is said to be the result of the successful operation of the new law. The increase in the number of registered births has not been confined to a few localities, but has been generally diffused. During the last three years the proportion of male and female children has been nearly the same.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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| Sept. Thursday . . 30 | Thermometer. | | Barometer. | |
|--------------------------|---------------|-------------------|------------|--|
| | From 35 to 64 | 29.13 to 29.33 | | |
| Friday . . . 1 | 44 . . . 58 | 29.39 . . . 29.48 | | |
| Saturday . . 2 | 44 . . . 59 | 29.65 . . . 29.70 | | |
| Sunday . . . 3 | 39 . . . 57 | 29.70 . . . 29.69 | | |
| Monday . . . 4 | 43 . . . 59 | 29.63 . . . 29.38 | | |
| Tuesday . . . 5 | 44 . . . 57 | 29.12 . . . 28.92 | | |
| Wednesday . 6 | 44 . . . 56 | 29.80 . . . 29.95 | | |

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On the 30th ult. morning overcast, with heavy rain, otherwise generally clear; the 1st inst. cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day; the 2d generally clear; the 3d morning clear, otherwise overcast, a little rain fell about 1 and 9 p.m.; the 4th generally cloudy, raining frequently and heavily during the afternoon and evening; the 5th morning foggy, afternoon clear, evening overcast, with rain; the 6th morning foggy, sunshine frequent, afternoon cloudy, a shower of rain between 12 and 2 p.m., evening clear.

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